MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER.

AGRICULTURE · HORTICULTURE · RURAL LIFE · EXCELSIOR · LITERATURE · SCIENCE · ARTS · NEWS

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,

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AGRICULTURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,

With an Able Corps of Assistants and Contributors.

The Rural New-Yorker is designed to be unsurpassed in Value, Purity, Usefulness and Variety of Contents, and unique and beautiful in Appearance. Its Conductor devotes his personal attention to the supervision of its various departments, and earnestly labors to render the Rural an eminently Reliable Guide on all the important Practical, Scientific and other Subjects intimately connected with the business of those whose interests it zealously advocates. As a Family Journal, it is eminently Instructive and Entertaining—being so conducted that it can be safely taken to the Hearts and Homes of people of intelligence, taste and discrimination. It embraces more Agricultural, Horticultural, Scientific, Educational, Literary and News Matter, interspersed with appropriate and beautiful Engravings, than any other journal,—rendering it the most complete Agricultural, Literary and Family Newspaper in America.

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AGRICULTURAL.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

MORE HELP.—NEW HALF VOLUME.

Chas. D. Bragdon, Esq., for several years past one of the Editors of *The Prairie Farmer*, has been engaged as Corresponding Editor of the Rural New-Yorker, his services in that capacity to commence with the first issue of the new half volume, (July 6).

To the large number of our readers who are aware of the ability of Mr. Bragdon as a writer, the above brief announcement gives sufficient assurance that this arrangement must add largely to the strength of the Rural, and prove highly advantageous to its patrons. For the information of others, however, we may state that Mr. B. is peculiarly and eminently qualified for the position of Western Editor of a journal circulating throughout the Eastern, Northern and Western States. Added to the fact that he is a native and until some five years ago a resident of this State, and familiar with the practices and views of its farmers, Mr. B. has had superior opportunities to become thoroughly informed in regard to the People and Agriculture of the West. During his connection with *The Prairie Farmer* he has traveled much, observed closely, and written well concerning the [illegible] of the West, and is therefore qualified [illegible] speak advisedly to our numerous readers [illegible] that region, as well as to impart information [illegible] interest and value to those residing in New [illegible] Pennsylvania and the more eastern States. [illegible] Perhaps there is no man of our acquaintance [illegible] qualified for the position named than Mr. [illegible]—for his antecedents, experience, and ability [illegible] obtain and impart the kind of information we [illegible] to furnish, are such that his contributions to the Rural must possess peculiar value and materially enhance the pleasure and profit which its tens of thousands of readers derive from its pages.

Mr. Bragdon proposes to travel extensively through the West during the summer and autumn—visiting the best farmers, farms, and farming regions, and describing such noteworthy matters (pertaining to Agriculture, Horticulture, &c.,) as will be likely to prove interesting and useful to our readers. Assured that he will prove worthy the utmost confidence, we cordially commend Mr. B. to our Western readers, and indeed to all who favor and would aid in promoting Rural Progress and Improvement.

— It may be proper to state that the above arrangement, increasing our force and expenses at a time when retrenchment is the general rule, has not been made without due consideration. Though the war and consequent hard times and depreciation of currency have for awhile materially lessened our receipts, we believe that Agriculture, which feeds and clothes all, is the main dependence of the country in this great emergency—and that those journals which best foster and promote it, will deserve, and should receive, continued and increased support. Hence it is that, without looking to immediate or commensurate returns, we venture more to augment the value and usefulness of this journal than prudent friends think judicious; yet we do so in the confident belief that the expenditure will be appreciated by its readers and the agricultural community. And we trust all who approve the character of the Rural New-Yorker, and wish to aid in furthering its laudable objects—whether Agents, Subscribers, or borrowing Readers—bearing in mind that our expenses are as great now as in times of prosperity, will manifest their kind regard in efforts to extend its circulation on the commencement of the new Half Volume. We are endeavoring to make the best combined Agricultural, Horticultural, Family and News Weekly extant, and if its true friends throughout the country will second our efforts as nobly as they have heretofore, we can safely promise that the spirit, interest and value of its pages shall be increased rather than diminished in the future.

CLASSIFICATION OF SOILS.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—There is nothing more important than that the farmer should know just what the terms used to designate different soils mean, for if he does not thus understand, much that is written will not be understood. Will you inform us, then, just what we are to understand by *Clay, Sandy, Loamy* soils, &c.? Also, I would like to know why it is that a sandy soil will endure drouth better than a clay soil, (for I believe this to be a fact,) while the clay will retain and hold more moisture than a soil where sand predominates? Any other facts in regard to the interesting subject of soils, their nature, comparative value, and the best mode of treating different varieties of soils, will be very thankfully received by at least one reader of the Rural, and I doubt not by many others.—M. W. P., *Crestline, Ohio.*

This is a subject too extensive to be fully discussed in an ordinary article, much less in the few lines usually allotted to answering inquiries. Nothing can be more important than a knowledge of the soils we cultivate, and it is also necessary to know the terms used to denote the different classes into which they have been arranged, for without this, much that we read will give but an uncertain sound. It is somewhat difficult to arrange the various soils into a few classes, from the fact that while they range from clay to almost pure sand, and the difference between these extremes is very great, it is made by such short steps that no distinct line of demarkation is to be found.

Soils are classified according to the preponderance of one of their principal constituents. For instance, soils are composed of a mixture of sand, gravel, clay, lime, and vegetable and animal remains (humus). Most soils contain all of these, but in different proportions, and a natural division is therefore founded on the preponderance of one of these four constituents. A soil is called *sandy* when it contains a large proportion of sand, about eighty per cent.; *clayey* when containing more than fifty per cent. of clay; *calcareous* when having more than twenty per cent. of lime; *vegetable mold* when containing more than six per cent. of organic matter; *loam* when there is supposed to be a desirable combination of sand, clay and vegetable mold. These are the principal divisions, but there are other minor ones in common use among agriculturists and agricultural writers. *Loam* is called *clay loam* when clay predominates, though not sufficiently so to constitute a clay soil; *sandy loam* when sand predominates; *gravelly loam* when small stones are pretty freely mixed with the soil. *Vegetable mold* is called *peaty* when the vegetable mold it contains is principally from decomposed marsh plants, and this is the character of reclaimed swamps. A soil is called *marly* when it contains lime, say more than five per cent., (but not enough to class it with calcareous soils) with clay, (but not sufficient to make it a clay soil,) about such a soil as would be made by the admixture of the calcareous and clay soils in equal proportions. A little attention to this matter, we are satisfied, will be of great advantage; for, as a general thing, we can put but little reliance upon what even good farmers say of the nature of their soil or that of their neighbors, and this fact often robs statements of practice and reports of experiments of much of their value, as different soils require a far different treatment. A farmer who has cultivated a sandy farm for a number of years, examines one a little stiffer than his own, and is ready to pronounce it clay; while another that has worked a hard clay all his life, with equal honesty and earnestness will declare it to be a sandy loam. This we have often observed, especially at agricultural and horticultural discussions. Once, after a gentleman had reported his success in growing barley, the inquiry was made as to the character of the soil. To this a reply was made, when one acquainted with the farm declared the owner mistaken, and a third was satisfied both were wrong.

A clay will hold more water than a sandy soil. It has been found that 100 pounds of loamy soil will hold 40 pounds of water without dropping, while a heavy clay will hold 70 pounds. This is the reason why clayey soils are colder than those in which sand predominates. The heat is expended in turning this large amount of water into vapor. Soil absorbs moisture from the atmosphere, and a heavy soil absorbs much more than a light one, other things being equal. The moisture in the atmosphere is condensed by any cold substance, like a pitcher containing cold water, or by the surface of the ground, or growing plants, in the form of dew. The cold clay will, therefore, condense much more than a warm sand. This would seem to indicate that heavy soils would be the least affected by the drouth, and yet facts, as suggested by our correspondent, do not seem to warrant this conclusion. The theory appears to be contradicted by experience, as all will admit who have seen the parched, hard surface of some clay soils during a dry time, abounding in seams and cracks, and the roots of the plants as firmly bound as if encased in iron.

Now, let us look at the philosophy of this matter a little. Heavy soils have great power of absorbing and retaining moisture, when well pulverized; but we all know how freely water will run off the hard baked ground, while it will "soak in" and disappear on that which is mellow. Clays are adhesive, and a great portion of the water falling upon clay soils runs off the surface, by the inclination of the land, into surface drains, and finally into the creeks and rivers; while in the sandy soil it passes down to the subsoil as fast as it falls, where it is held, if the under soil is at all retentive in its nature. A heavy soil, under ordinary culture, is seldom finely pulverized even on the surface, and less frequently to a proper depth, so that in a dry time it is almost impossible for the water to be drawn from below by capillary attraction, while in light lands everything is favorable to the process. The light soil is thus more open to the atmosphere, which can permeate through it, leaving a portion of its moisture, as it would of course do, in coming in contact with the colder earth. Although more dew is condensed on the surface of clay soils, we think the effect is not as beneficial as the less quantity on the lighter, as it remains on the surface, to be dissipated by the first rays of the morning sun.

All that a clay soil needs to make it the most valuable, is an improvement in its mechanical condition,—something done to take from it surplus water and make it more friable. This is best accomplished by thorough drainage, and the use of lime, ashes and coarse manures. Clay soils are often injured by improper treatment. They dry slowly in the spring, and are not in fit condition for the plow very early, and the farmer often becomes impatient, plows too soon, and, as a consequence, the pasty mass soon becomes as hard as unburnt brick. When too dry, it is almost impossible to plow, so that good judgment is necessary in the management of clay lands; but when well managed, they are mines of gold. No soils give as good account of fertilizers applied, as very little is wasted by leaching or washing.

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THE DAIRY.—No. VIII.

BUTTER.

No one of the dairy products, aside from Milk, comes so near being a prime necessary of life as Butter. We can very well dispense with cheese, at our daily meals; its absence from the table would scarcely be noticed; but if an American family could not have butter at all their meals, and lunches, there would be trouble in the household at once.

The dairyman, of course, should not find fault with this universal and excessive use of butter. Abroad, in almost every family butter is not used at meals where meats are served, and the practice is worthy of imitation. There the use of cheese is much more universal than butter, growing in part from the fact that it is the cheaper of the two.

By the United States Census of 1850, it appears that the proportion of butter to cheese over the whole Union was as three to one—for there was made in 1849, of

Butter,	313,345,306 lbs.
Cheese,	105,535,893 lbs.

While in this State, for the same year, there was made, of

Butter,	79,766,094 lbs.
Cheese,	49,741,413 lbs.

But the State Census of 1855 shows a large change, for in the year 1854 there was made, of

Butter,	91,298,076 lbs.
Cheese,	33,944,240 lbs.

The census figures do not show nearly all the butter produced—for there are hundreds of families with one or two cows who make for their own use, and are not counted with the aggregate.

Of all the butter which goes to market from this State, not one-fifth is strictly a prime article, and of that fifth probably a half may be deducted for a not perfectly pure article. Indeed so limited is the section where the very best butter can be produced, that I doubt whether the estimate is not even now too high.

Over a large portion of the State good butter, for immediate consumption, may be and is made, but it will not bear transportation. The best butter is made in Delaware, Sullivan and Greene, upon the brown shales of the Cattskills. The next best is made in Lewis, Broome, Tioga, Chemung, Cortland, Cattaraugus, Steuben, Chautauqua, Jefferson, St. Lawrence, Allegany, Chenango, Herkimer, and Oneida; and in these counties the best comes only from the hilly and mountainous regions which have been longest in pasture. Upon the old and rocky pastures of Putnam, Dutchess, Columbia, Rensselaer, and Washington, good butter is produced, but as a general thing it will not compare favorably with that from the west side of the Hudson river. Short, sweet herbage, which only grows in perfection upon old pastures in hilly or mountainous regions, pure air, and soft pure water, are the indispensable requisites for pure butter. All these, however, without the skillful manipulations of the dairy woman, will avail nothing.

The dairy woman cannot do her part well if she do not have the advantage of proper fixtures and implements. A good, cool place for setting the milk in summer is absolutely indispensable, and there is no farm where cows can be kept profitably, that such a place cannot be provided at small expense. The use of spring houses is one of the causes for the good butter of the hilly regions. But a good *spring* house can be made near a well, and oftener much more convenient, as being nearer the house than the spring. I saw a very nice one, which answered an admirable purpose, and is a model of its kind. The ground was excavated about four feet by some twelve feet square, and a solid stone wall two feet thick, laid in cement, four feet high. The floor inside was also laid in cement, slightly inclining to one corner. The wall was carried up full width four feet, and then an offset of 18 inches was made to the rear, carried up two feet higher, and connecting with the wall to form the foundation. Upon this foundation was erected a balloon frame with eight feet posts, boarded outside and in, and the wall made as tight as possible. Upon the ledge created by the offset a wall about four inches high and wide is made on the front, by which, being well plastered with the cement, a gutter or vat is made some three inches deep, with a slight descent to the corner opposite to that where the water is introduced. Into this vat the fresh milk is set while warm, and cold water conducted into it from the well. The milk cools rapidly, and a low temperature is maintained through the day or night. At each milking the pans are removed to the shelves to make room for the fresh milk. Some very nice dairy houses are rigged up entirely above ground, and one I saw last summer in the town of Solon, Cortland county, was so arranged that it seemed almost as good as a spring-house. In that and many others, I noticed the pans were set upon shelves made by turning two narrow boards edgewise, so that the least possible surface was kept from the air. But much of this expense and trouble may be saved if the practice of churning the milk instead of the cream be adopted.

Butter-makers seem to be divided into two classes upon this question of churning the milk or only the cream. By far the largest number in this country churn the cream, while in England, Scotland and a good part of Ireland, the milk is more generally churned. Carefully conducted experiments have established the fact that there is a gain in quantity where the milk is churned of full seven per cent. over the yield from the cream alone. In small dairies the quality must be much improved, for by churning the milk the risk of tainted cream is avoided. Some of our best premium dairies churn the milk. The most common objection made to churning the milk is the labor; but power (horse, dog, or sheep,) is now so cheap that the objection has but little force, as compared with the increased quantity and improved quality. Where water power cannot be had, sheep power is preferable to dog power, for small dairies; horse or steam for large ones.

The condition of the cream or milk when churned is of the highest importance, for upon that depends the value of the butter. If tainted in the slightest degree, no good butter can be obtained. Every thing about the dairy must be sweet and pure. Pure air is as essential as pure water, and as much butter is spoiled by foul air where the milk is set as by any other cause. Many a dairy woman has wondered why her butter was not as good as her neighbor's; she had just as good cows, and was quite sure she took as much pains and knew how to make good butter. Her mother always had good butter, obtaining the highest market price, and why she did not also get the best price was a wonder. Her father probably was a very neat man, and did not have his hog pen just under the window of the milk room, the privy on one side and the sink hole on the other. Hundreds of farmers lose from five to ten cents per pound upon all their butter by a neglect of the most obvious rules of neatness, and then blame their wives for the faults of their own shiftlessness. Then again there are great numbers of farmers that water their cattle at some slough hole of stagnant water, and then wonder that their butter is not of the best. Let no man look for good butter who has not pure water, and sweet, good herbage for his cows, and pure air in and around his milk room.—P.

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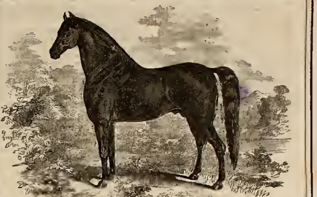
ABOUT HOP GROWING.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—Though too late in the season for your correspondents to profit by a knowledge of the "modus operandi" of hop growing this year, yet what is now offered may not come amiss for the year succeeding, providing they think it a profitable investment. By way of prelude I will state that, in this county, to *start* a four acre "poled yard," $1,000 dollars is an indispensable requisite, besides the land fees.



THE ORIGINAL "BLACK HAWK."

For the above very perfect portrait of the celebrated horse "Black Hawk" we are indebted to the courtesy of Chas. L. Flint, Esq., Secretary of the Mass. Board of Agriculture. It is said to be the most accurate representation of that beautiful and far-famed animal ever given to the public, and we are confident it will be admired by the large number of our readers who have had the pleasure of seeing the original—a horse remarkable for his intelligence, beauty, style and other excellent qualities. Of the American horses which became celebrated in his day, Black Hawk was "the noblest Roman of them all." In the language of a contemporary—"We fear it will be long before we shall look upon his like again. Some of his descendants are of rare beauty and action, but it would be wonderful if they possess that combination of beauty, grace, courage, speed and endurance which the old hero bore so proudly."

Black Hawk is generally supposed to have been sired by Sherman Morgan, but some contend that he had no Morgan blood in him. Linsley's "Morgan Horses," (published some years ago,) says he was sired by Sherman, g. sire, Justin Morgan; dam, a half bred English mare, raised in New Brunswick,—"a very fine animal, black, and a fast trotter." The same authority says—"A few years since a rumor was circulated that he was not sired by Sherman, but by a French horse called Paddy. The only foundation for such a report seems to have been the resemblance between the two horses in color, both being black." It is added that the affidavit of the owner of Sherman, testifying that Sherman was coupled with the dam of Black Hawk in 1832, has been published, and also the sworn testimony of others who had every opportunity of knowing the facts—thus pretty effectually settling the question.

But the question of pedigree is not yet satisfactorily settled, as will be seen by reference to the note at the conclusion of the following description of Black Hawk, which we quote from the Report on Horses in the last volume (1860) of the Agriculture of Massachusetts:

"The famous stallion, Black Hawk, is thought, by some, to have been got by Sherman Morgan out of a half-bred English mare, said to have been raised in New Brunswick, and to have been of a black color, a fast trotter, and a very fine animal. This horse was foaled in 1833, in Greenland, New Hampshire, and when four years old, was purchased for $160, and used as a roadster by Benj. Thurston, of Lowell, until 1844. As he was a beautiful, spirited horse, able to trot his mile in two minutes and forty seconds, and as the few colts he had got proved remarkably promising, he was then bought by Major David Hill, of Bridport, Vermont, who kept him until his death in 1856. Black Hawk was about fifteen hands high, and weighed nine hundred and fifty pounds. His skeleton is preserved in the Museum of Natural History, at the State House in Boston. He was a horse of almost perfect form for a roadster, compact, symmetrical and muscular, and possessed of most beautiful head, neck, and limbs. He was active, elegant, spirited, and pleasant, and marked his offspring with his own peculiar excellencies and characteristics, even to color, more decidedly perhaps, than any other American horse. Although the mares covered by him were, as a general rule, the best in the country, yet his stock was so universally superior, that his owner used to say that Black Hawk would get a good colt out of any thing. His numerous and justly esteemed descendants constitute the best breed of roadsters ever known, combining the intelligence, courage, elegance, life and endurance of the Thoroughbred horse, with sufficient bone and substance, and the finest possible trotting action.

"Note.—Since the earlier sheets of this report went to press, and on further investigation of the subject, we are satisfied that the better opinion is that Black Hawk was sired by Paddy, a very superior stallion kept, at the time, in the same stable, and that there is little or no probability that he had any Morgan blood in him."

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The first requisite to successful hop culture is a proper

Soil.—Hops, like most other plants, will grow in a poor soil, but will pay a better dividend when planted in a rich one. In this (Herkimer) county and Otsego the most successful yards are planted on land having a limestone or shale (Marcellus) formation underlying it. The shales or slaty land is supposed to be the best, as it produces less leaves and of course more hops. However, I think hops may be successfully grown on almost any soil, excepting heavy clays, and on that perhaps by draining. The soil should be of deep and fine tilth, and thoroughly enriched with well rotted manure.

The next requisite is to select the proper

Varieties.—The Pompey and English Cluster are the kinds most in vogue here. At present the English Cluster is most sought after, as it is a heavier hop when dried, produces more, and brings a higher price in market than any other kind—three pretty good recommendations.

Laying out the Ground and Planting.—The rows should be staked seven feet by eight, or four by fourteen. The first named distance allows of cultivation with the plow and cultivator both ways, and is therefore usually adopted; the latter is the most economical where wires are to be used. To stake the ground, procure a cord the length of the field; on it tie pieces of cloth at the proper distances apart (seven feet;) then, with two "measuring sticks" (eight feet,) you are prepared to place your hills, which is done by stretching the cord across the field and driving sticks eighteen inches long half their length in the ground at every piece of cloth.

Every yard should have a margin of not less than twelve feet between the fence and outside row. Prepare the roots for planting by cutting them so that each piece shall contain two or three "joints;" plant from three to five pieces in a hill, first making a small excavation around each stake; plant about ten hills of male hops to each acre used. The intermediate ground may then be planted with potatoes or corn.

Poling.—This must be done the next spring after planting. With [illegible] iron bar, made for the purpose, nearly like the sharpened end of the pole, sink two holes about one foot apart at each hill; in them place poles not less than eighteen feet in length, sloping *out* from the row, to avoid tangling at the tops, which occasions much trouble when picking. The poles should be set not less than sixteen inches in depth. To "wire a yard," plant heavy "stay poles," twenty-five feet in length, at the end of each row, five feet deep; brace them with a wire extending from the top of the pole back to a short post placed fifteen feet from the foot of the "stay pole." Through the top of the pole bore a small mortice; in this mortice, on the side of the pole opposite the yard, place a small grooved iron roller, a size larger than is used for hanging grindstones; one end of the gudgeon upon which the roller is placed must be square, so that a wrench can be used to *strain* the wires. Each wire requires small support poles at the distance of 150 feet apart. Before the wires are strained, pieces of small, strong, tarred cord, two feet in length, are attached to the main wires by hooks, two for each hill. To these cords small twines (store) are attached. The wires are then strained and fastened; the twines must then be tied to small stakes driven into the several hills.

The wire should be about the size of the common telegraph wire; for short distances a smaller wire would answer the purpose. One fault is noticed in "wire yards;" there being nothing to steady the vines, the winds give them a "see saw" motion, which chafes and wears the vines where they come in contact with the soil. On this account, where they can be procured, cedar poles are preferred to wires.

Cultivation.—The first season after planting, hops require only the ordinary cultivation of hoed crops. Every autumn each hill should receive at least two shovelfuls of manure. In the spring, after the poles are set, four furrows should be plowed between each of the rows, with a double team, attached to the plow by short whiffletrees made for the purpose; two more furrows can then be turned with a single horse between each of the rows. The remainder of the season they should be kept clean and free from weeds with the cultivator and hoe.

In my next I will give the method of grubbing, picking and drying. W.

Herkimer Co., N. Y., June, 1861.

A PLEA FOR THE BIRDS.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—It is deeply to be regretted that, in this age of wisdom, intelligence, and humane institutions, the birds should need an advocate to plead their cause, and arrest the system of utter extermination which appears to be going on in the older settled portions of our country. Some species of birds which were plenty in an early day, have become nearly extinct, and others are yearly becoming less numerous. It is to be hoped that the judicious laws for the preservation of birds, passed by the Legislature of New York will, in some degree, check their general destruction; but they will be of little avail unless our agricultural and horticultural friends can be made to understand that the birds are their almost indispensable co-laborers and friends. Men are apt to destroy the eggs and nests of the little songsters, who have selected their currant bushes or fruit trees as a place for the propagation of their species, having an eye on the few currants and cherries the birds will claim for their services, but wholly overlooking the benefits which would be derived from the destruction of countless thousands of insects destructive to vegetation.

Wilson, the celebrated Ornithologist, makes a computation that each red winged black bird devours fifty grubs daily; so that a single pair would consume monthly more than *three thousand* of these destructive worms. Some birds are almost entirely insectivorous, never feeding upon grain or fruit; and even the robin—which the farmer looks so enviously upon, while it is tithing his early cherries—will not live without a supply of insects. Experiments and observation have shown that the robin is one of the most valuable species of birds to the farmer. He eagerly devours all kinds of beetles, moths, bugs, grubs, vine worms, chrysalids and caterpillars, and exhibits an instinctive knowledge of their qualities in killing them—always being very particular in beating those species which are most tenacious of life, before swallowing them.

All birds are more or less useful. The cherry bird, so much persecuted because he picks a few cherries, devours myriads of insects which would otherwise soon destroy both fruit and trees. It is true the crow has learned to pull corn in his search for the grub, the cut-worm, and the beetle, but it is far better to use some unpalatable preparation for impregnating the seed, and give him full range of the corn-field; for his life is chiefly devoted to the extirpation of toads, lizards, serpents, injurious insects and carrion, and if treated kindly, becomes tame, and is a good protection to the farm, against the depredations of hawks and eagles. What could save our meadows, our grain crops, our garden vegetables and our fruit trees, from destruction by the winged insects which fill the air, were it not for the wren, cat-bird, robin, bob-o-link, sparrow, yellow-bird, cuckoo and woodpecker. All warm climates are indebted to cranes, storks and other similar birds for their salubrity. Our Southern country would scarcely be habitable, were it not for the buzzards which clean the streets of dead carcasses and offal.

Why, then, will not farmers and farmers' boys cease to go through their orchards, fields and woodlands, destroying the birds; and how long will it be before the farmers of the State of New York will compel those idlers who roam over their fields for the purpose of killing the birds, to obey the laws. Chapter 384, section 13, of the Session Laws of 1860, reads as follows:

"Any person who shall at any time enter upon any field in which cultivated trees, plants, vines, or crops are growing, or into any garden, with any firearms or other implements, for the purpose of hunting without the consent of the owner or occupant thereof being previously had and obtained, shall be deemed guilty of trespass, and upon conviction thereof shall pay a fine of ten dollars for the use of the poor of the county in which such conviction is had."

There is another consideration which should be mentioned before dismissing the subject. Think how cheerless the rural districts would become were the music of these charming songsters hushed. The softening influence of their warblings upon this rugged life are beautifully described by Wetherell in the following passage:

"They do so much by their presence, and by their melodious and cheerful songs, to animate the otherwise dull and lifeless scenery of earth. The voice of spring seems to be heralded forth in the notes of these sweet songsters who chase away old Boreas in his, at times, rather reluctant retreat toward his home—the arctic region. What farmer's toil is not rendered more cheerful and light by seeing and hearing the brilliantly plumaged singing birds. The thrasher, sometimes called the planting bird, sits perched upon the top of some high tree near by, pouring out, as it would seem, his very soul in a full flowing, sweet and eloquent strain, as much superior to the notes of the canary as is his position to that of being made a prisoner with the latter. So of the warblers—the oriole, the robin and wood thrush, whose silvery notes fill the air."

It seems hardly possible that humanity can be so depraved as to derive amusement from killing creatures as beautiful and innocent as the birds; but the report of firearms in our fields and groves, and in the highways, even on the Sabbath, tell too plainly that such is the case. These "bird-murdering shot-guns" and the wretches who use them, are deservedly hit off by Solon Robinson. In closing an able lecture on "The Uses and Abuses of Iron," occurs the following:

"Now, in an old settled country, like this around New York, the best possible use that iron can be put to in the form of a shot-gun, is to shoot every prowling vagabond that comes upon your farm, blazing away at your birds, your's as much as the trees they light upon—your's as the turkeys, geese, ducks, chickens, doves, around your barn, for you bought them with the land—and none but a villain too base to live will come upon your premises to destroy your most valuable friends, the birds. The use of iron for their destruction is the worst abuse it was ever put to on the farm. It is worse than using a wooden shaft and crank to a shackling old grindstone, or a wooden trammel to hold the dinner pot over a wood fire in a wooden chimney." A Fact Hunter.

Erie Co., N. Y.

The Bee-Keeper.

Summer Management of Bees.

June usually furnishes the bees with most ample supplies of honey, and if the weather proves favorable to their labors, and the colonies are strong and healthy, the hives will be rapidly replenished with stores. Early in the month the white clover, the linden and the locust trees come into blossom, and various other cultivated plants, as well as wild flowers, yield seemingly inexhaustible supplies. The days are long, the nights are warm, and the active little laborers are thus incited to untiring exertion. In most districts swarming now begins, and the swarms now issuing are frequently more valuable even than those obtained in May, being stronger, and coming when pasturage is more abundant.

The unremitting attention of the bee-keeper is now demanded. If his bees are in common hives, and the stocks are populous, they will require watching daily from about nine o'clock in the morning till after three o'clock in the afternoon, unless he concludes to drive out a swarm from each that is in a suitable condition for such an operation—thus saving time, avoiding protracted anxiety, and obviating risk of loss from the escape of swarms. Hives for the accommodation of young stocks should be previously provided, and every needful arrangement made in advance for the prompt and proper disposal of natural or artificial swarms. All this is the more important when the apiarian has in charge a large number of stocks, in good condition, and many of which are likely to be ready to swarm at nearly the same time.

Driving should rarely be undertaken until the colonies are strong, and the bees cluster out over night, but when that is the case, it may be resorted to with decided advantage. It may now also be usually adopted in the case of colonies in common hives which have much old comb or an old queen. A young and fertile queen should be substituted for the old one in the driven swarm; and in about three weeks, when all the brood in the old hive has emerged, the unserviceable combs in it may be removed, and the workers allowed to construct new in its stead. Should the season, however, be unfavorable, they will be greatly assisted if a supply of empty combs, in good order, can be given to them at intervals.

Dividing stocks, and thus forming artificial colonies, can be conveniently practiced only where movable-comb hives are employed. It is a highly interesting mode of multiplying stock; and, apart from its practical utility, affords the apiarian the best possible opportunity to apply and increase his theoretical knowledge. Reading and study will not alone suffice; experience and experiment are needed in addition, to make him a skillful and successful operator, and inspire him with confidence in his own resources.

Many persons regard the division of a colony as so formidable an undertaking, that they engage in it with reluctance at first, even when convinced of the advantage attending or resulting from it. And not a few, after placing swarms in movable-comb hives, never venture to use the means thus at command for improving their bee culture. The old-fashioned *gums* are the very best *invention* which such bee-keepers could use, and they should never think of introducing any other on their premises. To be of service, the movable-comb hive must be used intelligently *as such*—as the efficient means of practically executing what science and theory teach, and season or occasion requires.

But there is great danger also that this business of dividing may be *over done* by new beginners who have just learned to operate with facility and confidence. The ease with which colonies may thus be multiplied, leads them into temptation; and they go on dividing and subdividing, in season and out of season, till in the end they have neither *quotient* nor *remainder* left. These act on the other extreme; but if they have good sense enough to perceive that the fault is in *themselves*, and *not in the system*, they will speedily be cured of this propensity to grow rich too fast, and content themselves in future with moderate and seasonable, and therefore certain increase. Beginners should ever bear in mind that they are still *learners*, and must calculate on having to pay a tuition fee, in some form or other, before they secure a diploma.

If the weather continues fine and pasturage abundant, so that the bees can gather honey abundantly, they may soon be in want of storage room, and access to some of the a[illegible]ius honey boxes should be given, even though there be still some vacant space in the brooding apartment of the hive. Bees are at such times more disposed to take possession of surplus boxes than at a later period, when, from diminished supplies, their ardor is somewhat abated.

The later in the season a swarm issues, or an artificial colony is made, the stronger it should be, or the more it should be aided, to get in a condition to pass the ensuing winter safely. If a full supply of well-preserved empty combs can be given to such, it will save it much labor, and enable it to reserve for future use the honey it may still be able to gather. Combs in which brood has been reared, may at times be procured from old colonies, and is preferable to new for the use of late swarms or made colonies, because it retains heat better, and thus facilitates successful wintering.

Feeding young swarms for some time after hiving them, is always beneficial; but especially so in seasons when pasturage is less abundant than usual, or the weather uncommonly dry. It incites them to prosecute comb-building vigorously, so as to make efficient progress in the work before the daily reduction of their numbers causes them to relax their labor and devolve the task on the new brood of workers, which will probably emerge too late to render much service. The honey offered on such occasions should be greatly diluted, in order to encourage them to the utmost in comb-building, and keep them engaged at it till their hive is adequately furnished. They should likewise be induced rather to build a small number of full-length combs, than many stout ones, as the latter are ill adapted, in any way, to constitute the winter quarters of the colony.—*Am. Bee Journal.*

How to Strain Honey.

In the Rural, F. A., of New Haven, Connecticut, inquires how to strain honey. When you take the comb from the hive cut off all dry comb, cut up the balance in tin pans so as to break all the cells, and then put it in a coarse cloth, (an old cheese strainer is good,) hang it up in a moderately warm place, but not in the oven to bake, as one writer says, let it drain a few days, then take the comb and strainer, put into a pail with some water, wash it, and let it soak a day or two, then strain the comb again through the strainer into a pail. Let it stand a few days until it settles, then drain off carefully and put into your vinegar barrel. It makes the best vinegar that is made. Take your comb, put into a kettle with water, and boil it, then squeeze it out through a coarse cloth into a tub of cold water, and when cold take off and put into a small kettle with water. Let it all melt, then set away to cool, and you will lose nothing. R. S.

Wesleyville, Erie Co., Pa., 1861

Rural Spirit of the Press.

Cows Leaking Their Milk.

A correspondent of the *Prairie Farmer* says, that where cows lose their milk by leaking, the evil may be remedied by applying a small quantity of *collodion* to the end of the teat immediately after milking. This will at once form a thin tough covering or skin, which will prevent the leakage, and which may readily be removed before milking again. The collodion may be purchased for a trifle at any druggist's.

India Rubber Water-Proof Varnish.

A writer in the *Scientific American* says:—"I have used a solution of India rubber and turpentine for about twenty years, as a water-proof varnish for my boots and shoes. I make the application before the blacking is put on, or else remove the blacking by water. When the leather is moist I take the solution of India rubber, and apply it with a rag, taking care to rub it in; then I put the boot in a moderately warm place until the whole is absorbed. The process is repeated twice, or until the pores of the leather are filled, when the surplus is wiped off. In a few days afterward blacking may be put on, and the leather will polish well. By this method of treating my boots I make them not only water-tight, but also much more durable, and the leather is always kept soft and pliable. I treat every pair of new boots in the manner described, and effect a considerable annual saving thereby."

Bots in Horses.

The editor of the *Indiana Farmer* says he publishes a recipe for the third time, by special request of those who have used it with perfect success. It is as follows:—"Take a tablespoonful, a little heaped, of alum, and the same quantity of copperas, pulverize them fine, and put them into a pint of vinegar. Pour it down the horse's throat. It will generally afford relief in five or ten minutes. In 1831 I had a horse badly afflicted for three days with bots—lying down, rolling, refusing to eat, biting his sides, and giving all similar proofs of bots. I tried turpentine, beef wine, sweetened warm milk, and many other prescriptions of neighbors, for three days, to no purpose. At length, an Englishman coming along gave me the above prescription, saying he had seen it used in England with perfect success. In ten minutes after the dose was administered, the horse got up and was well, showing no more symptoms of bots. I have used the same medicine ever since, for myself and neighbors, probably in fifty cases in all, and it has always afforded as quick relief. A traveler once had his horse fall in the snow, near my house, and refused to get up, evidently afflicted with bots. In about five minutes after administering the above medicine, he got up of his own accord, appeared to be perfectly well, and cheerfully pursued his journey. It is said one drop of this preparation placed upon a bot, will kill it at once.—J. F. Bliss.

Taste of Garlic in Milk.

In answer to a query in the *Farmer and Gardener* upon this subject, a correspondent says:—"I do not know that I can prescribe *the best* method, but a very effectual remedy is found in saltpetre. Place a lump, from the size of a pea to a hickory nut, in the bucket before commencing to milk. The saltpetre will thus become thoroughly dissolved and diffused through the milk before straining. By a little experience, a careful milkmaid will be able to almost wholly remove the taste of Garlic from her milk and butter.

"It is advisable, where it can be done, to remove the cows from the garlicky pasture five or six hours before milking. A large portion of the garlick will be expelled in the exhalations, consequently less saltpetre will be required, and there will be less danger of the latter being detected on the taste of the butter. When every thing is kept perfectly sweet and clean, there need be no fear of the butter tasting old, if churned several days before it is destined for use, provided it be immediately well worked. Indeed, where it is necessary to use this salt as a corrective, the butter is improved by a week or two of age.

"Saltpetre will, to a considerable extent, also remove the taste of bitter weeds, turnips, and rank clover from milk and butter. Whether it will interfere with 'fine flavor' imparted to 'Philadelphia June butter' by the sweet-scented vernal grass, I have no means of knowing; but this I do know, that I have often sold butter treated in the above manner to some of your city connoisseurs, who invariably praised its good qualities, especially for keeping free from rancidity."

Grooming a Horse.

The benefits arising from proper grooming have often been placed before our readers, and we extract the following upon this subject from our co-laborer, the *American Agriculturist*.

"What do you give your horses to keep them in such fine condition?" asked a young farmer of his neighbor, whose team of bays were the pride of their owner, and the admiration of the village. "Oats, carrots, and plenty of *brush*," was the reply. There is little need of insisting on the necessity of good food, and plenty of it, to have a horse remain vigorous. Every one knows that bone, and sinew, and muscle, are manufactured from hay, oats, corn, &c., and that the raw material must be supplied to produce the strong limb, elastic step, noble spirit, which make a fine horse the universal favorite he is. But the important part which the skin bears in the animal economy, and the necessity of properly cleansing and keeping it in healthy condition, are not fully appreciated. Rough, staring coats, "grease" or "scratches," inflammations, and a whole catalogue of diseases, find the origin in neglect of proper grooming. The skin of the horse, like that of other animals, not only affords provision to the parts within, but by the pores affords an outlet to a large part of the waste of the body. Currying and brushing should not be done in the stable; the dust and scurf will be scattered in the manger to mix with the horse-feed, beside keeping the stable uncleanly. Take the animal into the open air, tie him securely, and handle him so gently that he will enjoy, rather than dread, the application of the comb and brush."

Hay and Hay-Making.

The *Ohio Farmer* makes the following sensible remarks:—"As the season for making hay is approaching, we will give a few words of caution in advance. *Don't dry your hay too much.* Hay may be dried till it is as worthless as straw. As a good coffee-maker would say, 'Don't burn your coffee, but brown it;' so we say, don't dry your hay, but cure it. Our good old mothers, who relied on herb tea instead of 'potecary medicine,' gathered their herbs when in blossom, and cured them in the shade. This is the philosophy of making good hay. Cut in the blossom, and cure in the shade. The sugar of the plant, when it is in bloom, is in the stalk, ready to form the seeds. If the plant is cut earlier, the sugar is not there; if later, the sugar has become converted to woody matter.

Hay should be well wilted in the sun, but cured in the cock. Better to be a little too green than too dry. If, on putting it into the barn, there is danger of 'heating in the mow,' put on some salt. Cattle will like it none the less.

Heat, light, and dry winds, will soon take the starch and sugar, which constitute the goodness of hay, out of it; and with the addition of showers, render it almost worthless. Grass cured with the least exposure to the drying winds and scorching sunshine, is more nutritious than if longer exposed, however good the weather may be. If ever cured, it contains more woody fibre and less nutritive matter.

The true art of hay-making, then, consists in cutting the grass when the starch and sugar are most fully developed, and before they are converted into seed and woody fibre; and curing it up to the point when it will answer to put it into the barn without heating, and no more."

Inquiries and Answers.

Wolf Teeth.—For a number of years I have practiced knocking them out with a punch and hammer. It very seldom fails, if done in time. If the eye continues sore, some honey put in the eye by turning up the lid and rubbing it on, is good.—R. S., *Wesleyville, Erie Co., Penn.*, 1861.

Feed for Horses in Spring.—For feeding horses in spring, there is nothing better than oats, only give them enough. As for the amount of plowing, I cannot tell. If he has a good team, a good season, begins early, and plows late, he can plow considerable, if not more.—C. B. C., *Macedon, Wayne Co., N. Y.*, 1861.

Cough in Horses.—I saw an inquiry in the Rural by H. G. K., of Michigan, for a remedy for coughs in horses. I have used hornets' nests, picked, or cut fine, mixed in warm mashes, and given, and have found it to relieve horses that are troubled with coughs. I gather in the fall all I can find. I generally keep from ten to twelve horses. I sometimes use wasps' nests when I cannot get the other.—Samuel Wadhams, *Plymouth, Luzerne Co., Penn.*, 1861.

"Black" Sulphur.—In the Rural of May 18th, on the first page, is an article upon keeping fowls free from vermin, which recommends "black sulphur" as the preventive. Have made inquiries, and searched Newburgh over, but without the desired article. Please inform us whether it has another name, or where it can be got. We feel very anxious to find something that will destroy those destructive insects. We found an article in a large drug store that they called "the refuse from refined sulphur," but they could not find anything by the name mentioned. If we can find something that will equal the description in May 18th, we shall feel that the Rural has been of vast service to us.—Wm. Isaac, *Oxford Depot, Orange Co., N. Y.*, 1861.

The article referred to was copied from the *London Field*, and rehearsed the experience of a professional fowl breeder. The term "black" is one probably used by the writer for the purpose of description, as the article used is of a brown, dirty color, and is, as you state, "the refuse from refined sulphur." It is known as *Sulphur vivum*, is kept generally by druggists, but in small quantities, and sells at about three cents an ounce.

Rural Notes and Items.

The Season and Crops.—The weather of the past two weeks has been very favorable to the growing crops, and for farming operations, in this region. The few friends we see from the country—most farmers are too busy to leave—look smiling and speak favorably of their prospects. Our reports from the West, both oral and written, are also quite encouraging—and our recent visitors and correspondence come from almost every Free State and Territory, the Border States and Canada.

— A letter just received from Wabaunsee, Kansas, (dated June 8,) says:—"The prospect of abundant crops here is very flattering. With the frequent rains and warm sun, crops are doing their 'best.' All available space is being planted, and I presume Kansas will raise a third more this season than in any former one. Fall wheat will be ready for harvest in two weeks, and the yield will probably be large."

A Brief Reminder.—The friends of the Rural will please bear in mind that the Second Half of its Twelfth Volume is to commence with July. All whose subscriptions expire at the close of this month will find the number (698) printed after their names. Trust they will take measures to continue the acquaintance, by renewing promptly; and also kindly make an effort to induce non-subscribers to take the Rural—persons who not only want a good practical paper, but one which combines much interesting reading for the family and the substance of all important War and other News. Our aim is to adapt the paper to the wants of the people in these times, and the many flattering letters of approval we are receiving of late—speaking especially of the position taken and information given concerning the War—give assurance that subscribers are gratified with its course. May we not ask approving readers to make known their good opinions of the Rural to friends and neighbors at a time when new subscribers are in order?

Complimentary to our Western Aid.—We observe in several of our exchanges very complimentary notices of Mr. Chas. D. Bragdon—speaking highly of his ability, regretting his retirement from the *Prairie Farmer*, and hoping he would soon resume his connection with the Agricultural Press. As a specimen of what our cotemporaries are saying of Mr B., we quote this appreciative notice from The Journal of the N. Y. State Agricultural Society.—"Charles D. Bragdon, one of the editors of the *Prairie Farmer*, announces his retirement in the Farmer of May 2d. We hope to hear from him again in some similar position. He has conducted the *Prairie Farmer* with great credit to himself, and to the satisfaction of the patrons of the paper."

— It may not be improper to say, just here, that when we penned the notice of Mr. Bragdon's retirement from the P. F., (which appeared in the Rural of May 18,) we had no thought of the arrangement, since made, by which he becomes Corresponding Editor of this journal. Hence in saying, "We trust the agricultural public will not lose the benefit of his services, but that he will ere long resume his connection with the Rural Press," we had not the most remote idea of so soon (or ever) becoming personally interested in the fulfillment of the aspiration then expressed.

Saginaw Salt.—Two or three weeks ago we acknowledged the receipt of a sample of common salt, manufactured by a friend at Saginaw City, Mich., and spoke of its good quality. Since then we learn the manufacture of salt has been successfully commenced. The Saginaw Valley Republican says:—"The Saginaw Salt Manufacturing Co. commenced boiling with one block of sixty kettles, and we have the satisfaction of announcing a perfect success. After many serious drawbacks, we have finally triumphed. We have had the pleasure of assisting in the manufacture of the first salt manufactured in Saginaw City. We have some of it before us, and it is pronounced by competent judges, men who have made salt at Syracuse, to be superior to the best salt manufactured at that place. It is free from impurities—perfectly dry, and as white as snow. [illegible] this time forward we shall probably turn off *fifty barrels* a day. Our people feel like rejoicing, and well they may. [illegible] this time forward a new era will dawn upon the peop[illegible] city. Notwithstanding the serious effect the war w[illegible] upon all kinds of business, yet by the aid of this mo[illegible] *salt* Saginaw City will yet be saved. Hurrah!"

The N. Y. City Horse Market.—The Tribune of the 15th says it has never seen the Horse Ma[illegible] so dull in June as it is this year—it being almost as dull no[illegible] it usually is in the middle of August. Though June is the month for the sale of high-priced carriage-horses, and fine single-driving and saddle-horses, the buyers of such are no[illegible]—while but little is doing in the line of work horses, and such as are sold bring ten to fifteen per cent. less than a year ago. The average price of military horses is $110, but the Tribune remarks that none it has seen are suitable for cavalry; "they are generally too light, not over 9 cwt., which is 200 lbs. below the right standard." Many Canada horses are now to market, and more have been sold all through the Spring trade than any other class, the price ranging generally from $70 to $125. The Tribune says, in conclusion:—"The probability is, that the scarcity of numbers of hor[illegible] now to market is in a great measure owing to the army demand, the agents of which are buying in the country in se[illegible] that usually send a good many horses to this market—th[illegible] Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois. The prosp[illegible] considered very dull for the Autumn trade by some [illegible] most reliable men in the street."

Wisconsin State Fair.—We are in receipt of the [illegible]lations and Premium List for the 11th Annual Exhi[illegible] of the Wisconsin State Ag. Society, which is to be held at Madison, Sept. 23—27. The premiums offered are generally liberal, and well designed to encourage the several branches of industry. In some departments, the premiums have been largely increased—such as those on Stock Animals, Farm Machinery and Implements, Farms, &c. It is announced that the Wis. Fruit Growers' Association will make a magnificent show of Fruits, and the lectures and discussions which proved so valuable last year, will again occupy the evenings of the Fair week. With such arrangements have been made, we see no reason why the Society should not have a good exhibition, and such it must prove, if the right spirit prevails among the people of the State.

The Illinois State Fair.—Executive Committee of the Illinois State Ag. Society, at a recent meeting in Chicago, *re-resolved* to hold their Annual Exhibition there, believing it as essential to the agricultural interests of the country this year as any other. Indeed, the season promises to be of such a character as to render a Fair necessary to afford relaxation from the toil and excitement incident to the disturbed condition of the country. Although other States (Western) have resolved to forego their exhibitions this year, the Executive Board were entirely unanimous in voting against omitting, this year, the usual "Sucker" Festival. They voted right, too!

Mutton as an Article of Food.—The American Agriculturist says:—"We mean to repeat a thousand times, or at least till what we say has some effect upon our countrymen, that a pound of lean, tender, juicy mutton, can be produced for half the cost of the same quantity of pork; that it is infinitely healthier food, especially in the summer season, and those who eat become more muscular, and can do more work with greater ease to themselves than those who eat fat pork. We know nothing more delicious than smoked mutton hams, of the South Down breed of sheep. Venison itself is not superior."

Agricultural Products of Iowa.—Wm Duane Wilson, Secretary of the Agricultural College of Iowa, has made an estimate of the agricultural products of that State for 1861, from which we learn that there is one-fourth more wheat sown this year than last; of corn, one-fifth, and of hogs, one-third more will be raised this fall for market; sixteen bushels is the average of wheat per acre in Iowa; and the total yield in 1860 was upward of 10,000,000 bushels. It is anticipated that $19,500,000 will be realized this season from the surplus of wheat, hogs, and beef, leaving sufficient for all home supply.

Jerusalem Artichokes.—A correspondent of the Prairie Farmer thinks these may be profitably raised for stock. He thinks 2,000 bushels may be raised to the acre. It is a root that bids defiance to flood, drouth, or frost. Can be dug in the fall or spring, as may be most convenient, and is relished most prodigiously by the cattle and hogs.

HORTICULTURAL.

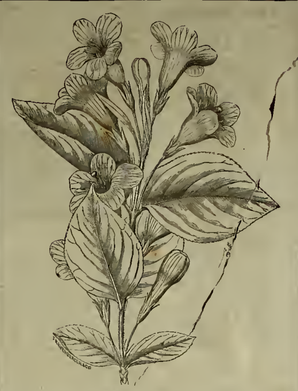
NOTES IN THE GARDEN.

Vegetation has not at any time made a very rapid growth this spring. Our rains have been invariably followed by cold drying winds, and we have never experienced a season so unfavorable for transplanting. Peas that were planted early and in favorable situations, will be fit for picking in a few days, and in another week the early strawberries will come in pretty freely.

The **Peonies** are the leading feature in the garden at present, and they truly make a magnificent display. *Grandiflora carnea plena* is a very large and fine flower, outside petals blush, center yellowish and fringed; sweet scented. *Festiva*, white, with dashes of carmine in the center; a globular flower, fine and sweet. **Edward Dane**, of the Mount Hope Nurseries, has a seedling somewhat resembling this, but of a purer white, and fully as desirable in all other respects. It is a fine flower, worthy of extensive dissemination and a good name. *Pomponia* is a good flower, outside petals purplish, with salmon center. *Comte de Paris* is a fine purplish rose color, a remarkably free bloomer, and makes a most superb show. *Pottsii* is the darkest of the class, and is essential on this account. It is a dark crimson. We might increase the list of fine sorts, but the above will make a good selection.

Among the trees and shrubs which are mostly passing out of flower, we notice particularly the *White Fringe*, a fine small tree that attracts general attention when in bloom, on account of the singular appearance of its paper-like flowers. Also that most beautiful shrub, the *Weigela rosea*, or Rose-colored Weigela. We have before called attention to the beauty of this shrub, and it has been extensively disseminated, yet not as much as it deserves to be, for it is only occasionally that we meet with it. We give an engraving of a branch in flower just as it was picked, which will give a very good idea of the leaf and the form of the flower, but not of its charming colors.

When the buds appear they are of a dark, crimson color, becoming lighter as they increase in size. When the flowers open, the inside of the petals are of the most delicate color, and the outside dark rose or light crimson, changing color as they grow older. As it is a free bloomer, the flowers being generally more numerous on most branches than on the one from which the engraving is taken, and as the buds in every stage of growth and the full formed flowers are borne at the same time, our readers can imagine the effect produced by such a charming display of colors. Then it is perfectly hardy, as much so as a lilac, and we have not seen a plant that suffered in the least by the past severe winter, that killed in many cases, the wild vines growing over forest trees.



WEIGELA ROSEA.

THE CURRANT WORM.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—An [illegible] issue of last week, relative to the [illegible] Worm," has induced me to communicat[illegible]owing facts, as attested by the experienc[illegible]y of my neighbors, as well as of myself. [illegible] "advent" of this worm "can be prevented" [illegible] more than I can say; but "when they have [illegible]e, their ravages can be arrested" very effect[illegible] by a solution of *whale oil soap* in the proporti[illegible] two pounds to fifteen gallons of rain water, a[illegible]rinkled freely on the bushes with a garden syri[illegible]or watering pot. The soap costs here but eigh[illegible]ents per pound. It should be dissolved first in a few gallons of hot water. It does not entirely destroy the worms in one or two applications, but it does kill them very summarily so far as they get a dose of it.

When I first discovered this worm in my garden, it had stripped portions of my gooseberry bushes of nearly all their foliage, and had become somewhat formidable in numbers. I applied the above soap twice, and have not seen a worm on the gooseberry bushes since that time. It went, however, to the currants, and there seemed disposed to contest the right of possession more tenaciously. But, while there are still a few of the enemy left, I have succeeded in defeating any serious harm to the bushes, and have destroyed thousands of the worms by the use, thus far, of only four pounds of the whale oil soap. My bushes are rank with foliage, and laden with fine looking, healthy fruit, and I think one or two more morning scouts with the watering pot will put an end to these disturbers of my horticultural peace.

All who have used this remedy hereabouts bear testimony amounting in substance to that which I give above. I should mention furthermore, that the soap is as efficacious upon rose bushes and pear trees, as upon the currant and gooseberry. It not only does not injure the leaf or the fruit, but possesses some qualities rendering it beneficial to the roots of the bush. And if the solution, made according to the rule given above, does not *kill* to the gardener's satisfaction, he need have no fears about making it still stronger. Twelve gallons of water to two pounds of soap will effect more certain death to the worm, while it will be quite harmless to the shrub and its fruit.

Rob't N. Parke.

Waterloo, N. Y., June, 1861.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—Although my vocation is not so much agricultural as political, I take the liberty of writing to you on the subject of the *Gooseberry Saw-Fly Worm*, moved thereunto by an interesting article on that subject in your last issue.

A year ago this last spring, I purchased from a Rochester nursery, and transplanted in my garden, several new varieties of gooseberry. They grew well, until, one day in the month of June, to my astonishment I "noticed" (we editors occasionally "notice," you know,) that my bushes were nearly stripped of their leaves. On a closer examination, I found the cause in the saw-fly worm—an insect which never came under my observation previously, although I have *always* cultivated gooseberries. I promptly adopted remedies. I covered my bushes with powdered lime; no use. I covered them with ashes; no use. I thoroughly wet them with a decoction of whale oil soap; again no use. Then I went at them by hand, with better success; but with the idea uppermost in my mind, that I was "looking for a needle in a haymow." I whipped them with asparagus bushes—I ground them into powder with my heel—but still I was continually discovering specimens of the enemy. I found, too, that they were preying upon my old bushes; and thus the fall found me, fighting valiantly, but still defeated.

A hint in your paper seemed to give me another chance; and I at once mulched them, old and new alike, heavily with tanbark; and, to my gratification, I have not this season, so far, seen a single specimen of the saw-fly worm. Perhaps I am crying before I am out of the woods, as there is time enough for them yet. But if I pass the season without being annoyed by their ravages, I shall always, your doubts to the contrary notwithstanding, regard tanbark as a "friend indeed" to me.

[illegible] a f[illegible] my experience. If of any value, you may [illegible]

H. Hubbard.

[illegible]nango Union Office, Norwich, N. Y., June, 1861.

E. E. Smith, of Waterloo, writes us that he has "tried the whale oil soap with good success—it works like a charm on the worms and on the gooseberry and currant bushes." White Hellebore, powdered and dusted on the leaves, or blown on with bellows, is recommended by English gardeners, and has proved successful here. But whatever plan is tried must be persevered in.

LICE ON THE NORWAY SPRUCE.

Having received from a correspondent a branch of the Norway Spruce covered with small lice, which were evidently destroying it, we forwarded the specimen to our ever attentive friend, **Jacob Stauffer**, Esq., who sends us the following reply. Accompanying were some flies, which it was thought might have some connection with the enemy.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—Mr. **Dyer**'s letter, inclosing sprigs of Norway Spruce, together with the plant-lice infesting and threatening to kill his trees, have been examined. I regret that he did not inclose some of the specimens in a quill and find some winged individuals. The *small fly* he inclosed is not the parent of those lice, because it is a true fly, *Diptera*, and belongs to the common house-fly family, (two winged,) while the "lice" belong to the order **Homoptera**, section *Dimera*—quite a different family, (four winged.)

From the dry and fragmentary remains, I am inclined to believe this to be a species not yet described, since it is not the *Lachnus strobi*, **Fitch**. These live in colonies on the ends of the branches, puncturing them and extracting their juices, and belong to the *Aphidæ*. And, though the antennæ and notched head agree with the family Psyllidæ, it is not the *Diraphira femoralis*, **Fitch**. The only specimen of which he had yet met with was beat from pine leaves in July. The antennæ of those inclosed agree with a figure given by **Westwood**, of a British species of *Psylla*? **Fitch** also describes the pine-leaf *Chermes*—*C. Pinifoliæ*, a new species. These, he says, are "stationary upon the leaves, usually towards their ends, puncturing them and sucking their juices. A very small black fly, 0.08 long to the tip of its abdomen, and 0.12 to the end of its wings, which are dusky grey, its abdomen dusky red and slightly covered with fine cottony down." "The antennæ," he says, "are short, threadlike, and composed of 4–5 small joints. It will hence be seen that this insect is a true *Chermes*—the first species of this genus that has been discovered in this country."

I would be obliged to Mr. **Dyer** if he would inclose me winged and wingless specimens, in a quill, so that I could make a careful examination of the insect. To the question—"What will kill them?" I will first quote Mr. **Knapp**, who says—"that remedies can prove efficacious in removing this evil only upon a small scale, and that when the injury has existed for some time, and extended its influence over the parts of a large tree, it will take its course, and the tree will die." This is not very consolatory I admit, yet when trees are small, by bending the branchlets into a bucket containing warm soap suds, and paddling them in it, they may be destroyed to a great extent; or by making a decoction of soap and tobacco—syringing the tree with some force will dislodge them. Heavy showers of rain often dislodge them, and a long spell of wet weather favors their extermination.

The Plant-lice, called *Aphidians*, differ from *Psylla*, which latter are the leaping plant-lice; both, like the *Thrips*, (which latter are minute and slender insects,) all prove obnoxious to vegetation, which they puncture and appear to poison, often producing deformities in the leaves and blossoms. They are very prolific, and in one form or another infest almost all parts of plants, the root, stems, young shoots, buds and leaves, and there is scarcely a plant which does not harbor one or two kinds peculiar to itself, as is also stated by Mr. **Harris**, whose words I have quoted in part, as corroborative of my own observations. The *Aphidians* embrace twelve distinct genera and numerous species; hence it is only upon the closest inspection that a species can be determined with any degree of certainty, and that from specimens in good condition.

There are also leaf and tree-hoppers (called *Tettigonidæ*,) which must not be confounded with *Psylla* or leaping plant-lice.

I trust the foregoing will be so far acceptable as the nature of the investigation enables me to speak.

Lancaster, Pa., June 8, 1861. J. Stauffer.

FRUIT IN WESTERN MICHIGAN.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—With your permission I will give some account of the fruit prospects in this section of our State. Apples promise to be a large crop. Peaches will be say one-half of a good crop. In most of our peach orchards peach blossoms were thinly shown, but what did bloom have nearly all set for fruit. It would be hard to tell where one blossom has failed in being followed by an embryo peach. In going east from here peaches will be more scarce as you approach the center of the State. In the eastern half the papers all speak very discouragingly of the prospects of this fruit. But, going west from here the crop will be increased till we reach the lake, which is thirty miles. From different points along the shore of Lake Michigan, I learn by private correspondence that a full crop is growing.

In good locations and soil on the shore of Lake Michigan, the peach crop is as sure as any crop. Even back as far as this city there has never been an entire failure. In the winter of 1855–6, a large share of our forest trees were injured,—some, I believe, were entirely killed. But in some locations we had good crops the summer following. Since the settlement of the country there has not been an entire failure of peaches. I will here say, that any young man who has the taste and patience to wait, and is at liberty to go to the western part of this State, can make a fortune in the business of peach growing. Five and six dollars per bushel is the ordinary price for good peaches in Milwaukee and Chicago. It needs no further statements to show that the business will pay where the crop is a sure one. In 1859, one man at St. Joseph sold $11,000 worth of peaches from fifteen acres of orchard, and from the same ground in 1860 he took $7,000 in cash,—the crop not being so large as the former year.

We shall all have plums, who are willing to earn them dearly in fighting the curculio. Cherries promise well with some,—Morellos are all full. Pears also full. Grapes come out in fine condition, and are finely setting. In fact I know of nothing in the fruit line but we shall have in abundance. Peaches are the only thing but will be full; and of them we shall have more than enough for home consumption.

For the business of fruit growing, I know of no place so inviting as Western Michigan. All kinds usually grown in the temperate latitudes come to the greatest perfection here, and with a large opening in Illinois, Wisconsin, and Minnesota for a market, where it is next to impossible, under any circumstances, to raise fruit.

Jno. T. Elliott.

Grand Rapids, Mich., 1861.

Our Wisconsin and Illinois friends who are lovers of good fruits may object to some of the conclusions of our Michigan friend, yet all he says of the fruit growing capabilities of Western Michigan we verily believe, having seen a little of the country and often tasted of its delicious fruits.

Horticultural Notes.

Early Peas—We are indebted to M. **Sutton**, of Irondequoit, for samples of Early Peas, picked the 15th inst. This is pretty good for the present backward season.

To Destroy Worms on Fruit Trees.—D. **Cargo**, of Ohio, says he shakes them from the trees. A better way is to tie straw to a long pole and set it on fire, then pass it back and forth under them a few times. It is cheap and easy to try. Worms frequently make nests on limbs that can be got at only by burning.—R. S., *Wesleyville, Erie Co., Penn.*

The Apple Trade of Cincinnati.—In a report to the Chamber of Commerce of Cincinnati, it is stated that, for the year ending August 1st, 1860, the importation of apples in barrels was 95,000 barrels, and the exports 25,000—showing a consumption of 70,000 in the city. This amount does not include those brought into the city and sold from wagons. The price per barrel averaged $3—(the highest and lowest quotations being $5 and $2,) amounting to $290,000.

Fruit in Massachusetts.—In *Hovey's Magazine* we find the following account of the fruit prospects in Massachusetts: "The injurious effects of the severe cold winter upon fruit trees are now very apparent. Not only are the peach buds entirely killed, but the young wood partially destroyed. The cherries, too, have had their flower buds destroyed quite as completely as the peaches. We have not among hundreds of trees seen the first flower. Pears are injured, more or less; while the trees of several varieties are full of flowers as usual, others show scarcely a bud. The Bartlett, Beurre Clairgeau, and Beurre Bosc, seem to have suffered most, and there will be a great deficiency of these sorts in the autumn. The Louise Bonne de Jersey has proved one of the hardiest, the trees being loaded with flowers; others, which are quite full of bloom, are Belle Lucrative, Giant Morceau, Swan's Orange, Seckle, St. Michael Archangel, Van Mons Leon le Clerc, Beurre Langelier, Boston, and some others. Even apples are some hurt, and in some localities there are but few flowers; in the immediate neighborhood of Boston they are not injured so much as a few miles back, where the thermometer sank to 25° below zero.

"Various conjectures have been advanced upon the cause of so much damage, and some cultivators have thought it was the early and severe frost of October 1, when the temperature was only 26° or less, according to locality. But we are inclined to believe that it is wholly attributable to the unprecedented fall of the thermometer in February, being no less than 58° in little more than twelve hours, or from the mild temperature of 40° to the frigid one of 18° below zero. That it cannot be attributed to the cold of October, is certain, for the wood of the shoots of trees were green and fresh for weeks afterwards, whilst they are now, especially the Bartlett, killed partially or wholly. The trees were not in a condition to resist so sudden a low temperature, which actually froze and disarranged their tender tissues."

The Best Wine Grapes.—Dr. **Mosher**, of Cincinnati, a noted vine grower and wine maker, thus writes to the *Horticulturist*:—"Within the last twenty years I have had under cultivation and trial not less than thirty varieties of American grapes, for vineyard culture, and to furnish wine for the million. I think it will be a long time before we find a grape in all respects better adapted to the purpose than the Catawba. When properly cultivated and well ripened, it makes a good dry wine, superior to the generality of Rhine wines, and a sparkling wine comparing favorably with the champagne of France.

"For making a cheap red wine, to take the place of the clarets of Bordeaux, no grape that has been tried hereabouts is equal to the hardy and prolific Norton's Virginia Seedling. For choice fancy wines, of a superior grade, I would first place the Delaware, the Herbemont, the Venango, or Minor's Seedling, and the Diana, in the order named. Either of these grapes yield a wine for aroma and delicacy of flavor superior to Catawba, and in my humble judgment equal to Johannesberg, Hermitage, or any of the best wines Europe can produce; but as they have not as yet been tested for extensive vineyard culture, will remain some time in the hands of amateurs only."

Autumn Seek-no-Further, &c.—In a late number of the **Rural**, I saw the Autumn Seek-no-Further represented as a Western fruit. We have the same apple, obtained from **Haxton**'s Nursery, Cambridge, Washington county, where it has been fruited for a long time. I was told it was a native of Connecticut. I would like to say, through the **Rural**, that whoever sent me that package of flower seed from your office, has my thanks for the favor. They were selected with great care, as they were, with one exception, different varieties from what I had purchased.—Mrs. H. W., *Johnsonville, N. Y.*, 1861.

The old Seek-no-Further of Connecticut is the Westfield Seek-no-Further. The Autumn Seek-no-Further is grown at the West, and we have seen it there very fine. Any information in regard to its origin will be thankfully received."

Effects of the Winter in England.—**Bayard Taylor** writes from England:—"I notice that the wheat crops, though backward, promise a fair harvest. It is curious to notice what an immense number of trees have been killed by the severe cold of last winter. The pines seem to have suffered most, but cedars, sycamores, and even some varieties of oak, are also touched. Brown and rusty, as if shriveled by fire, they dot the wide, green landscape."

Inquiries and Answers.

Plants for Name.—I send per express to you from Geneva a small package of flowers for name. I have labeled a part of them, though I do not fully know whether I am right, and in others names are wanting.

1. *Spiræa prunifolia fl. pl.*—About out of bloom; very hardy, and magnificent.
2. *Spiræa lanceolata*.—Very badly winter-kills, and does not flower well.
3. *Spiræa Reevesii*.—Ends of branches always winter-kill, but always blooms pretty well.
4. *Spiræa* (name wanting)—Very hardy, profuse bloomer, suckers freely, and will take care of itself anywhere.
6. *Tree* (name wanting.)—This is a small tree which I procured some two or three years since, either from the edge of a wood or a swamp, I do not know which, as I was getting trees from both places at that time. It is a small tree. At the time of planting, I cut the top off some six or seven feet from the ground. The wood is rather pithy, somewhat like the poplars. It has thrown up several small suckers this spring, which may indicate its being a large shrub. It was early in flower, and very fragrant. Flowers single—petals white, with pink streak at bottom—stamens prominent, pink. This is as near as I recollect. Now, if you can favor me in naming any or all of the foregoing, you will much oblige—G. S. B., *West Fayette, Seneca Co., N. Y.*, 1861.

Numbers 1 and 2 are correct. *Lanceolata* suffered here a little the past winter, but is usually perfectly hardy, and we think it one of the best of the family. 3 is *Chamædrifolia*, or *Germander-Leaved*, and not *Reevesii*. 4, *Ulmifolia*. 6, *Pyrus arbutifolia*, a small tree.

Culture of Strawberries.—Can I, as a new subscriber, ask a few questions? Should strawberries be stirred or cultivated during the fruiting season? Will some one, who has experimented with strawberries, please say through this useful and satisfactory medium, what variety or varieties are most advisable to get, and where to get them? I would like to give my experience, though limited. Where can I get seed of the new double Zinnia? What is the mode of treatment for Calceolaria? Will it bear bedding out?—N. P. **Jacobs**, *Bridgeville, Del.*, 1861.

Strawberries, if well cultivated up to about the time of flowering, will need no further culture until the fruit is ripe, especially if the ground is mulched with straw or cut grass. Mulching keeps the fruit clean and the ground moist. It would be almost impossible to find three persons to agree as to the best six varieties of strawberries. Double Zinnia seed cannot now be had, we think. The Calceolarias do not like our hot sun. *Rugosa*, yellow, and *Meteor*, dark red, are the best for bedding. If they can have a little shade, all the better.

Ashes for Fruit Trees.—Will some of the readers of your valuable paper inform me, through its columns, whether unleached ashes are injurious to young fruit trees, when applied to the roots? Here they are recommended by some and condemned by others.—G. M. M., *North White Creek, N. Y.*, 1861.

Unleached ashes are excellent for fruit trees in most soils, and particularly so for the peach. They are of most benefit to a very light or a very heavy soil. The only exception to this rule is the cherry, which we have found a heavy dressing of ashes to injure. Care must be used, so that the ashes will not come in contact with the trunk or the roots. Use them as a top-dressing.

War!—Plan for a Campaign Wanted.—Last spring I set out a bed of strawberry plants, and for a short time they thrived, but soon began to wilt and die. Upon pulling up the plants, I found that the roots were eaten off, and at the root of each plant was a *big, fat grub worm*. I applied unleached ashes and plaster freely, but seemingly to no effect. Can any one tell me how to exterminate the enemy?—W. W. **Lowey**, *Inverness, N. Y.*, 1861.

Two or three seasons ago this grub was very destructive to strawberries here, but has been less so since. We know of no way to destroy them but catching and killing them. It will not do to let them go on their parole of honor, nor do we think it best to trust to their oath of allegiance.

Treatment of Runners.—I have set out a bed of strawberries, and the vines are beginning to run. How will it do to keep them cut off all summer?—R. S., *Wesleyville, Erie Co., Penn.*, 1861.

The original plants will be much larger and stronger by removing the runners.

Diseased Pear Wood.—(S. L., *Sharon, N. Y.*)—Your trees, we judge, are affected with the pear blight, a disease very troublesome here, and in regard to the origin of which little is known. The only cure is to remove every branch as soon as it is found to be affected.

Domestic Economy.

RHUBARB AND GINGER WINE.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—Noticing an inquiry in one of your late numbers for a recipe for making Rhubarb Wine, I send you mine, which I think excellent, also one for making Ginger Wine.

Rhubarb Wine—To every 1½ lbs. rhubarb, when bruised well, put 1 quart cold boiled water; let stand 4 days, stirring three times a day. To every gallon of juice put 3½ lbs. of lump sugar, and to every 20 quarts, 2 of brandy. Barrel it directly and let it stand a twelve month.

Ginger Wine—To 12 lbs. sugar, add 16 quarts of water, 4 ozs. of the best Jamaica ginger, bruised well. Slice the peel of 4 lemons, take all and boil it for three-quarters of an hour, taking off the scum as it rises. Put it into a tub when luke-warm and add three-quarters of a spoonful of yeast; the juice of 4 lemons; 1 lb. of raisins, chopped. Put into the cask, let stand a fortnight, stirring every day, then add a quart of brandy and one ounce of isinglass. Stop it down and it will be fit to bottle in six weeks.

West Vienna, N. Y., 1861. A. Subscriber.

LEMON AND RICE PIES.

Eds. Rural:—Inclosed please find excellent recipes for Lemon and Rice Pies:

Lemon Pie.—One egg; one lemon; one cup of water; tablespoonful of flour. Chop the pulp and rind of the lemon *very fine*, removing the seeds, and a part of the juice; add the yolk of the egg, well beaten, the sugar, water and flour. Bake with but one crust, and when done, pour the white of the egg, beaten to a froth, with the juice of the lemon and two spoonfuls of white sugar, over the top of the pie, and set in the oven long enough to brown slightly. If eggs are plenty, four eggs, and no water, makes the pie *richer*, though *little* better than the above.

Rice Pie.—Boil two tablespoonfuls of rice till very soft, then strain through a sieve or coarse cloth, add one egg; and milk, or thin cream, enough to fill a pie dish. Sweeten to the taste, and flavor with grated lemon peel. This is excellent if not baked too much. J. C.

Richmond, Ind., 1861.

STEWED BEEF.

Housewives who are in a habit of using only steaks and roasts, make a great mistake. A capital dish may be made out of the "chunk," as the butchers call it, or the neck, when well prepared. Select a piece of meat as large as the demand of your table may require, wash it well to remove all the blood or soil from the outside, have your dinner pot perfectly clean, salt and pepper the meat well, lay it in the bottom and cover it with water; stew it for two or three hours, or till it is thoroughly tender; add half an onion, a sprinkle of sage, thyme or summer savory.

If the meat is fat, let the water all stew out a half hour before it is put on the table, and when your meat is browned well on the lower side in the gravy, turn it over and brown the other side. When ready, take it up, add a little flour thickening to the gravy, or if you have a dredge box, shake the flour into the hot gravy and brown it, then add boiling water, and you will have a dish equal, and to my mind superior to the common roast beef upon boarding-house tables. Care must be used to turn it; and equally necessary is good judgment in having it thoroughly well cooked.—*Field Notes.*

Dyeing Recipes, &c.—An inquiry from "A Subscriber," in the **Rural** of June 8th, calls for coloring recipes for yellow and orange. Here are good ones:

For Yellow—Six ounces bichromate of potash dissolved in cold water enough for a dye, ½ lb. sugar-lead sufficient for your cloth. Both may be made in tin or brass. Dip first in the lead water, then in the potash, and so alternately until the color suits, then rinse in cold water.

For Orange—Make a strong lime water and drain. When clear, heat to boiling, dip in your yellow and rinse in cold water immediately.

Preserving Pine-Apples—Will some one give a good recipe for preserving pine-apples, and oblige—**Aunt Lizzy**—*Milford, Otsego Co., N. Y.*, 1861.

Abolition of Insect Pests.—As our houses and gardens are always, more or less, infested with vermin, it is satisfactory to know that *benzine*, an article become sufficiently well known as a detergent, is no less efficacious an agent in insecticide. One or two drops are sufficient to asphyxiate the most redoubtable insect pest, be it beetle, cockchafer, spider, slug, caterpillar, or other creeping thing. Even rats and mice will speedily decamp from any place sprinkled with a few drops of the potent benzine. A singular fact connected with this application of benzine is, that the bodies of insects killed by it become so rigid, that their wings, legs, etc., will break rather than bend, if touched. Next day, however, when the benzine has evaporated, suppleness is restored. *London Chronicle.*

Preserving Tomatoes without Cooking—Can some of the numerous intelligent contributors to the **Rural** inform a dyspeptic subscriber how to preserve tomatoes through the winter season without cooking or heating them? The application of heat in the usual way of preserving them, renders them too acid for some dyspeptics, and drying them in the sun deprives them of most of their fine flavor. Giving the asked for information, I have no doubt will greatly favor many invalid readers and subscribers, who are benefited by the use of the uncooked ripe tomato.—S. D. **Scott**, *Fulton Co., Pa.*, 1861.

Moths in Carpets.—Will some one inform me, through the **Rural**, how to destroy moths in carpets. Also how to crystalize grass different colors—blue, green, &c., and oblige—E. C. J., "*Rural Cottage*," *West Vienna, N. Y.*, 1861.

Graham and Corn Bread.—Will some of the lady readers of the **Rural** please give me, through its columns, the best method of making Graham Bread, also Corn Bread, and oblige—A **Dyspeptic**, *Rockford, Ill.*, 1861.

Rancid Butter and Lard.—Can some of the numerous readers of the **Rural** inform me through its columns of a remedy for rancid butter or lard, and oblige—A **Subscriber**, *Lockport, N. Y.*, 1861.

Soda Mead.—Will some of the readers of the **Rural** please give a recipe for making Soda Mead, also telling us how to manufacture?—**Inquirer**, 1861.

Ladies' Department.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

AT EVE.

Just beyond the casement
Shines the firelight glow,
Pushing back the shadows
From the drifted snow.

Steals it through the shutter
Out into the night,
Marking out a pathway
With its rosy light.

On the white-robed meadows
Countless gems are shining,
Up the heavens azure
Radiant orbs are climbing.

Where the brightness lingers
With intensest glow,
'Midst the starry clusters
The moon is dipping low.

Forth in joyous beauty
Walks the lovely Night,
Gilding earth's wide temple
With her flashing light.

Butler, Wis., 1861. M. O.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

"DRESS AND OVERDRESS."—AGAIN.

SINCE my childhood I have been taught to reverence age, and give particular heed to advice given by people older than myself, especially that pertaining to good morals and manners. I have read the article written by "A. M. P.," of Fayetteville, several times trying in vain to find something that would apply to sensible persons in regard to dress.

In the first place, she says her opinion is well worth having, because she is "a regular blue stocking," not caring a fig what she wears, nor how it is put on." It is something I have yet to learn, if ladies, calling themselves authoresses and writers, deem it necessary to their profession to appear "in an old and faded wrapper," "slip-shod slippers, a rumpled collar," or present inky fingers to visitors. Did "A. M. P." ever hear of the tidiness and taste of HANNAH MORE,—the perfect order existing even upon the writing table of MRS. HEMANS,—or of CHARLOTTE BRONTE, who could not write even a word until the chairs were properly dusted and in their places? WORDSWORTH says, "it is not *genius* that makes some writers disorderly in their personal and domestic relations, but the *lack* of genius." But then she "don't intend to marry, and so don't trouble" herself "to inquire about the whims of these lords of creation!" A happy idea, indeed, for damsels of an uncertain age to make a "virtue of necessity!"

The name "gentlemen," when applied to those persons that "A. M. P." has been in the habit of associating with, I think a *misnomer*, and that *puppies* would be more expressive of the things themselves. Who ever heard a *gentleman* tell so absurd a falsehood, as to "pronounce your hair the loveliest shade of auburn," when you knew it to be "fiery red"? Or that your eyes were "a most charming blue," when in fact they were the "ugliest sort of grey"? And who ever heard of a lady silly enough to believe it? I am happy to know there are noble, true-minded men, worthy the respect and affection, if needs be, of sensible women. Again, instead of the "highly soiled silk" for afternoon costume, we, farmer's daughters, modestly attire ourselves in neat-fitting delaines in winter, and plain muslin in summer; not for the unmaidenly purpose of catching a beau, but to please the parents and brothers of the household. Should we, perchance, go a trip on the cars to visit our city or country friends, we *surely* would not adopt the style of a Southern *dowdy*, or the frequenter of the opera; but a plain traveling suit for the purpose.

I do not wish to be unjust to the Fayetteville correspondent, but when people assume the privilege of instructing, they should endeavor to say something worthy of themselves and those whom they try to teach. To my young lady friends, I would say, let us dress economically and with taste as becomes our means, not gaudily or "perfectly bewitchingly," but "with shame-facedness and sobriety, not with broidered hair, or gold, or pearls, or costly array; but as becometh women professing godliness, with good works." S. S.

Lysander, Onon. Co., N. Y., 1861.

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[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

A LEAF FROM MY MEMORANDUM.

I AM seated alone in my room to-night, in loneliness and solitude, where, for nearly three years, my dearly cherished husband has been the light, the life, the only attraction. But nearly a year and a half ago disease singled him out for her mark, and with a steady hand aimed the fatal dart. It is true I was alarmed from the first, but looking Heavenward I hoped for the best, and believed he would recover. His disease was so flattering that at times I thought him better, and then my heart was light and joyous; but there would soon be a reverse, and all my hopes and bright anticipations would wither and droop, as droops and dies the lonely bird within its cage of wire.

Two weeks ago God sent his messenger, which hovered round his bed all night, and just at dawn of day he bore the blessed spirit of our loved one to the upper world, and left our home desolate, my heart all torn and bleeding, for I felt that I could not let him go.

They tell me it was a lovely morning,—that the wild wood warblers ushered in the dawn of day with their sweetest notes, and seemed to be singing songs of praise to their Maker, or rejoicing that another Angel was to be added to the Heavenly Host. But how could I notice the clear sky, the sunshine, or the song of birds, when I realized that I must walk the remainder of life's rough pathway alone. His hand that lay in mine, so thin and cold, seemed like a snow-flake; but I felt its pressure; and when I kissed those lips that could speak to me no more, there was a ready response; and so we parted hoping soon to meet over the dark stream.

And now the form my heart idolized,—the face that ever wore a smile for me,—the heart that beat in unison with mine,—is buried low in the cold, damp earth; and in my heart there is a loneliness as though 'twas slowly breaking. NONA.

Ithaca, N. Y., 1861.

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DUTY is the little blue sky over every heart and soul—over every life—large enough for a star to look between the clouds, and for the skylark Happiness to rise heavenward through and sing in.

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ONE might as well attempt to calculate mathematically the contingent forms of the tinkling bits of glass in a kaleidoscope, as to look through the tube of the future and foretell its pattern.

HINTS FOR THE NURSERY.

THE natural faculties of each child are as plain to careful observation as the sun at noon-day, and it is only necessary to know the mental bias of a child to ascertain for what his or her powers are best adapted. Let every father, every mother, all who hope to call themselves parents, forever bear this in mind. Watch the child at play. Suffer it to play as it will, and note what sport attracts it, and wherein lies the chief pleasure.

Away with those horrors, infant phenomena. Let nature alone, and do you, ignorant man, keep your great, coarse finger out of delicate machinery, which, working by and through nature, will, at the proper moment, indicate the course to be pursued, the development which is sought. Permit childhood to guide you in the treatment thereof. Nature is a wise teacher.

At infancy, the healthy body, incapable of progressive motion, demands rest; give then perfect quiet. Man's early life is a mere vegetative existence; the brain, gently pulsating beneath the unformed bone, is not yet the seat of reason, but of instinct; while nature then demands entire repose, or at the most, passive action, why should a barbarous nurse and ignorant mother array the little form in thick embroidery; display it to the admiring multitude; handle it with thumping vibration, or spin it like a boomerang in the air? Why seek the most noisy promenade to confuse it with the uproar? Why pound it up and down over hundreds of miles in the midst of smoke, effluvia, and all the rattle, noise and screams incident to railroad travel? Avoid those abominations called cradles; flee from the rocking of the crib, and all those swinging motions which cannot fail to produce, in a minor degree, those very agreeable sensations, that pleasant lethargy, which seize upon one when he is taking his first lesson in drunkenness. What a renown would that agriculturist win for himself who should first invent a patent, portable, double action, self-rocking cradle for sucking calves; what an advantage to the bovine race.

When by pure air and its natural nourishment, the child has become old enough to creep about, down on the floor with it and let it go; give it a ball or something to creep after, and rest fully content that when tired, the child will cease its play.

Don't hurry the little one to walk; do not encourage it to stand alone, lest bow legs and weak ankles be the penalty of your too assiduous care, or your selfish desire to see your child walk before nature has decreed it. When the proper time arrives, the little hands will seek the tops of chair seats, the little body will sway to and fro, erect for the first time; soon the first step is taken, and then all is plain.

Keep your books, your illuminated alphabet, your intellectual blocks, and your abortions of toys—caricatures upon nature—toys which it is no harm to fall down and worship, since the like thereof exists neither in heaven above, nor in the earth beneath, nor in the water which is under the earth. Let the child play one, two, three; what, says some one—four years, and not know a letter! Yes, my good madam, until it reacheth the age of seven years, would we have the little mind free and unpuzzled; at liberty to observe, to desire to construct, to play, to make out its own individuality. This is the great attribute of man—play; this divides him from the brute creation; man alone can laugh. Remember that the longer the period of youth, the period of formation, the better, the more healthful, enduring, and longer-lived the man. Of all created beings, man is the most helpless at infancy.—*Scalpel.*

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THE INFLUENCE OF WOMAN.

THE state of society may always be determined by ascertaining the condition of woman. When she is the companion of man, and her relation to him that of equality, then we may be sure that a high point of rational and moral development has been attained. The tardiness of civilization has always been chided by the complaints of woman. She represents the higher sentiments, disinterested love, the benevolent affections, religion, and delicate sensibility, the divinest part of humanity, that part of our nature, advance toward the realization of which, in practical life, constitutes true progress.

The treatment of woman indicates in what estimation man holds the most beautiful portion of his own being. When men are brutes, women will be slaves. The lords of creation may declare that the daughters of Eve are inferior to themselves, but such a declaration only shows their own weakness and defects. He who places a light estimate upon things of highest worth, proclaims his own ignorance and want of judgment. Man through the frailty of woman publishes his low estimate of all that is holiest in the relations of life. Strike out from existence all that is suggested by the words, mother, daughter, sister, wife, and no man would care to live.

One half of humanity is man; another, yet equal half, is woman. He who speaks lightly of woman, curses the hand that supported him in the hour of helplessness, pronounces a malediction upon the fair young being that with mingled reverence and trust calls him father, utters blasphemy against the Being who has filled with disinterested affection the bosom of her whose heart beats with blood kindred to his own, and returns hatred for love to her who has bestowed upon him a greater gift than all wealth can buy. He who knows woman in all these relations, however, rarely speaks evil of her.

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GO TO WORK.

SISTER SWISSHELM is giving some advice to her female friends. She says:—"You, dear sir, and you madam, if you are anxious about the result of the war, go to work, not to drill or to make flags, or scrape lint, at least not all of you, but to plant potatoes, corn, beans, especially the beans; plant roots to feed cattle and hogs. Take care of the poultry. Raise all the calves. Attend to the pigs. Make plenty of butter and cheese. Look to the gooseberry bushes. See that the strawberry beds are in order. Do something to add to the general wealth of the country—to provide food for those who are risking their lives to fight your battles. See if you cannot raise a few bushels of beans, or corn, or oats—a few cans of preserved fruit or some vegetables, butter, or eggs, to send to the army. It is well enough to sing about the 'Red, White, and Blue,' but it is a good deal better to add as much as possible to the green. Clothe the whole face of the country in the emerald of thriving crops. See that the resources of the country are not crippled by the withdrawal of so many from peaceful avocations. Go to work, every one of you, to supply the places of those who are gone. Plow, plant, dig, hoe. Go to work just where you are—at the nearest point where your labor may be turned to account. Mend fences, keep things tidy, and raise all you can."

Choice Miscellany.

WHAT I LIVE FOR.

BY G. LINNÆUS BANKS.

I LIVE for those who love me,
Whose hearts are kind and true;
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too;
For all human ties that bind me,
For the task by God assigned me,
For the bright hopes left behind me,
And the good that I can do.

I live to learn their story,
Who've suffered for my sake,
To emulate their glory,
And follow in their wake;
Bards, patriots, martyrs, sages,
The noble of all ages,
Whose deeds crown History's pages,
And Time's great volume make.

I live to hold communion
With all that is divine;
To feel there is a union
'Twixt Nature's heart and mine;
To profit by affliction,
Reap truths from fields of fiction,
Grow wiser from conviction,
And fulfil each grand design.

I live to hail that season,
By gifted minds foretold,
When man shall live by reason,
And not alone by gold;
When man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted,
The whole world shall be lighted
As Eden was of old.

I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true,
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too;
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.

Dublin University Magazine.

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[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

AN HOUR IN THE MEADOWS.

THAT personal pronoun I, stands for egotism, for self-esteem, for self-pride, and bristles like a crop of corn, in the off-hand correspondence of journalists, who are really modest, even though they gain a reputation for conceit. I [that is, the letter I intended to commence with,] have been speaking to the masses day after day on the war question, and have been organizing home guards; but this afternoon, tired and travel-worn, I throw myself upon a couch of grass in a beautiful meadow, and with stray leaf and pencil put my thoughts into words.

Within biscuit toss of the log I use for a writing desk, flows a brook—a trout brook, made classical by one of our *literati*, who has no superior with the rod and fly, and few equals with the pen. This "silver footed" stream winds, like a white thread, from a spool of hills, through the "greenest of valleys." On either side of this peaceful vale, the rough hills rise in quiet grandeur, lifting their scarred foreheads toward the sky. It is a beautiful June day, handsomely "gotten up" in blue and gold, and filled with poems sung by the bobolinks and blue birds, to the notes of dandelions, violets, and strawberry blossoms. An insect, no larger than a semi-colon has had the pluck to scamper over the paper on which I am writing, and make the circuit of my manuscript. Ten to one if he be not a spy from a regiment of similar shape in camp under the chip at my feet. There he goes!—he belongs to the flying artillery, and carries his sabre in his mouth. That lady butterfly is splendid, and the spring style suits her figure and complexion admirably. There she lights on that rosette of blossoms, and might pass for a petal were it not for her exultant vitality.

Swaying to and fro in the soft wind, sits that merry monarch of the meadows, the bobolink. He manifests exquisite taste by selecting the most picturesque and weird scenery for his summer residence. His pleasant nest is surrounded by golden buttercups and white daisies, and violets as blue as a maiden's eyes. His quiet Quaker wife hops along through the stiff grass, and seems to listen in rapture to the strains of the meadow minstrel. The bobolink sings the song of the Union in our free Northern meadows,—at the South he never sings at all. Hear him—: "Robert Lincoln—Lincoln—Lincoln—is no se-se-se-secessionist. Beauregard and Davis are reb-reb-reb rebels and traitors. Hang-em—hang-em—hang—hang—hang the tories. Hurrah for Scott—Scott—Scott,—give 'em three cheers and a tiger! Butler—Butler—Butler is a brick—brick—brick,—a tip—tip—tip—tip-top Yankee. Cheers—cheers—cheers for Banks—Banks—Banks, and all the volunteers. Go-it—go-it—go-it Zouaves—Zouaves—Zouaves and regulars—go it while your young. Abe Lincoln—Lincoln—Lincoln is a cous—cous—cous—cousin to me—me—me. Seward—Seward—Seward stick—stick—stick for our rights—rights—rights. Cam—Cam—cam—cameron is plucky—plucky—plucky. We shall whip the—the se-se-se-secessionists—Stars and Stripes—Stars and Stripes shall wave—wave—wave over all the South. Shame—shame—shame on se-se-se-secessionists."

The bobolink is the happiest bird in the great choir of feathered songsters. His pinions vibrate with joy. Music rains from his exultant wings—IRVING in prose and BRYANT in verse have made this bard of birds immortal. I wonder whether or not he is aware that he has now an appreciative listener. It is supposed by some who have studied the natural history of this bird, that he is not only punctual to the season, but that he comes annually to his old homestead, directly to the neighborhood of the nest in which he was hatched. I have seen bobolinks in cages in the city of New York, and heard them sing their songs in the depth of winter.

There is a king bird in pursuit of a hawk! What feats of air and lofty tumbling he performs! Now he soars over the assassin of mice and chickens. How he dives under him, as though he would take him prisoner as Pat did the deserter, by surrounding him. Now he ties a loop in the air, as though he designed to hang him—with nothing—in the "unsubstantial air." The little patriot has chased the tory into the forest behind the hill where he, the tory-bird, will have to hide away in some coward's castle, or become a prisoner of war.

What a glorious day is this tenth of June. It is Monday, but not blue Monday. There is nothing blue but the sky. Thousands of tons of grass will grow to-day. Cheese, butter, and beef will be abundant. There is a large loaf rising in the fields. Corn and potatoes show their green tops. Orchards are white with apple blossoms, and the gardens are redolent with the breath of flowers. What a vast variety of organic matter is here presented to the eye of the philosopher. What innumerable forms, colors, and flavors of herbs and fruits. What stores of gums, resins, seeds, roots, berries, blossoms, and grasses. What quantities of ammonia, carbonic acid, wood, water, and mineral matter. Here armies of plants drop their roots into the ground and lift their leaves into the air,—the former serving the purpose of pumps to draw up the mineral substance from the soil and distribute it by means of the ascending sap, which is the blood of the plant,—the latter absorbing nutriment from the atmosphere. The leaves are the lungs of the plant, also its laboratory, where the materials taken from the earth and from the air are changed into vegetable matter, which is distributed through the veins of the plant by means of the descending sap, and afterwards become wood, flowers, and fruit—or, in the language of Chemistry—wood, starch, sugar, gum, gluten. The wood is composed of carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen, and forms the mass of the plant. The sugar and the gum exist principally in the fruit and sap, and the starch and gluten collect mostly in the seed. My hour is up and I must hasten the performance of my daily duties.

G. W. BUNGAY.

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CHARACTER IS POWER.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN attributed his success as a public man, not to his talents or his powers of speaking—for these were but moderate—but to his known integrity of character. "Hence it was," he says, "that I had so much weight with my fellow citizens. I was but a bad speaker, never eloquent, subject to much hesitation in my choice of words, hardly correct in my language, and yet I generally carried my point." Character creates confidence in men in high stations, as well as in humble life. It was said of the first Emperor Alexander of Russia, that his personal character was equivalent to a constitution. During the wars of the Fronde, Montaigne was the only man among the French gentry who kept his castle gate unbarred; and it is said of him that his personal character was worth more to him than a regiment of horse. That character is power, is true in a much higher sense than that knowledge is power. Mind without heart, intelligence without conduct, cleverness without goodness, are powers, if they may be powers, only for mischief. We may be instructed or amused by them; but it is sometimes as difficult to admire them, as it would be to admire the dexterity of a pickpocket, or the horsemanship of a highwayman. Truthfulness, integrity, and goodness—qualities that hang not on any man's breath—form the essence of manly character, or, as one of our writers has it, "that inbred loyalty unto virtue that can serve her without livery." When Stephen of Colonne fell into the hands of his base assailants, and they asked him in derision:—"Where is your fortress?" "Here!" was his bold reply, placing his hand upon his heart. It is in misfortune that the character of the upright man shines forth with the greatest lustre, and when all else fails he takes a stand upon his integrity and courage.—*Selected.*

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TRUE HEARTS.

HEARTS are of several kinds, and of widely-different natures. First, there are walled-up hearts; and these are of two kinds; about one kind, the wall is high and strong, and to surmount it, is a work of extreme difficulty; but if you get inside, you have entered Eden. Fragrant, and sweet, and fair, as the visions seen in dreams, is that inclosed garden; and it is worth hard labor to gain admission there. The other has a wall as high and strong, and full as hard to get over; and when, at last, with torn flesh and dislocated joints, you have scaled it, you wish you hadn't, for there is nothing inside but rocks and cold water. The trouble with these two descriptions of hearts is, that 'tis impossible to distinguish the one from the other until you have almost worn yourself out climbing the walls.

Another kind of heart is that which, having nothing to fence it in, lies open to the passage of all men and cattle; a waste, unfruitful field, of no use to anybody, and less to its owner. But there is another kind of heart,—a rare creation, but a real—one whose wall is low and almost hid by flowers. The birds make their nests in it, and sing as they swing upon its swaying twigs and festooning vines. Beyond the wall, itself a thing of fragrance, beauty and joy, lie the enchanting gardens. Delightful bowers invite the way-worn traveler to enter and repose. Spirits of love and beauty beckon the sad and lonely ones to the feast of souls; and a charmed light and glory hover on the whole, joyous air. This is the true type of heart.

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VERACITY.

THE groundwork of all manly character is veracity. That virtue lies at the foundation of everything solid. How common it is to hear parents say, "I have faith in my child so long as he speaks the truth. He may have many faults, but I know he will not deceive me. I build on that confidence." They are right. It is a lawful and just ground to build upon. And that is a beautiful confidence. Whatever errors temptation may betray a child into, so long as brave, open truth remains, there is something to depend on, there is anchor-ground, there is substance at the center. Men of the world feel so about one another. They can be tolerant and forbearing so long as their erring brother is true. It is the fundamental virtue. Ordinary commerce can hardly proceed a step without a good measure of it. If we cannot believe what others say to us, we cannot act upon it, and to an immense extent that is saying that we cannot act at all. Truth is a common interest. When we defend it, we defend the basis of all social order. When we vindicate it, we vindicate our own foothold. When we plead for it, it is like pleading for the air of health we breathe. When you undertake to benefit a lying man, it is like putting your foot into the mire.—*F. D. Huntington.*

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"ENJOYING LIFE."—I must pity that young man who, with a little finery of dress and recklessness of manner, with his coarse passions all daguerreotyped upon his face, goes whooping through the streets, driving an animal much nobler in its conduct than himself, or swaggers into some haunt of shame, and calls it "Enjoying life!" He thinks he is astonishing the world! and he *is* astonishing the thinking part of it, who are astonished that he is not astonished at himself. For look at that compound of flash and impudence, and say if on all this earth there is anything more pitiable! He know anything of the true joy of life? As well say that the beauty and immensity of the universe were all inclosed in the field where the prodigal lay among the husks and swine.—*Dr. Chapin.*

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OF governments, that of the *mob* is the most sanguinary, that of soldiers the most expensive, and that of civilians the most vexatious.

Sabbath Musings.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

MY REFUGE.

BY M. A. BERNHARD.

WHEN I can lean on JESUS' breast,
And to Him lift mine eye,
And sweetly on each promise rest,
While storms are sweeping by,
A holy calm is on the soul,
Though waves of sorrow o'er me roll!

When I can hear my SAVIOR say
"'Tis I, be not afraid,"
Though tossed upon the surging main,
I will not be dismayed.
Why should I tremble, doubt, or fear,
Though no other friend be near?

May I but know that He is mine,
That He my poor name owns,
Though earthly friendship should decline,
Or even on me frowns,
While He is one who "changes not,"
Why should I murmur at my lot?

When I can kiss the chastening rod
That lays earth's bright hopes low,
And sing the praises of my GOD,
While troubles o'er me flow,
I'll smile at sorrow, grief, and pain,
And count all earthly loss my gain.

Lord, give me such a faith as this
To cheer me on my way,
And I'll not sink beneath the flood,
Take what Thou wilt away.
O, let it cheer my dying bed,
While on Thy breast I lean my head.

Cleveland, N. Y., 1861.

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THE MINISTER'S AIM.

EVERY man has a ruling motive, which shapes his general course of conduct. In every profession and department of business, this law prevails. The youth, while contemplating the future, has the ideal which is likely to influence him more or less through life. Some seek for pleasure, others wealth, others renown—in all their various forms as adapted to the powers and circumstances of the aspirants. So far as having a leading object is concerned, this is right; all should have such an object—only each is bound to see that it be a worthy one.

Now, what should be the great aim of the Gospel minister? Too many, it is to be feared, who bear this sacred name, have not the noble aim they might be expected to have, or do not pursue it with the requisite singleness of purpose. They are too much controlled by some worldly, selfish policy, like the mass, and so fail to honor their high and holy calling.

An eligible position, honor and influence, a reputation for learning, eloquence, greatness, practically have wide sway. But as ultimate aims, they are all aside from the real purposes of the Gospel. The Gospel is adapted to a specific end; its members are appointed and commissioned of God for a definite purpose, and from this they are not at liberty to swerve. This end and purpose is the salvation of souls. For this the scheme of grace was devised; to this end all the great forces of God's moral government tend, and to this should all the active energies of his servants be directed. Their pursuits may be ever so much diversified, but they should all be subordinate to, and center in this governing object. The Gospel minister should have his heart absorbed in this great work. For it he should study, pray, preach, visit, to secure the salvation of souls. If he prospers here, he is a successful minister, whatever else may attend him; if he fails here, his ministry, however noted in other respects, is essentially a failure.

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HOW TO BE MISERABLE.

THINK about yourself; about what you want, what you like, what respect people ought to pay *you*, what people think of *you*, and then to you nothing will be pure. You will spoil everything you touch; you will make sin and misery for yourself out of everything which God sends you; you will be as wretched as you choose on earth, or in heaven either.

In heaven either, I say. For that proud, greedy, selfish, self-seeking spirit would turn heaven into hell. It did turn heaven into hell, for the great devil himself. It was by pride, by seeking his own glory—so, at least, wise men say—that he fell from heaven to hell. He was not content to give up his own will and do God's will, like the other angels. He was not content to serve God, and rejoice in God's glory. He would be a master himself, and set up for himself, and rejoice in his own glory; and so, when he wanted to make a private heaven of his own, he found that he had made a hell. When he wanted to be a little god for himself, he lost the life of the true God, to lose which is eternal death. And why? Because his heart was not pure, clean, honest, simple, unselfish. Therefore, he saw God no more, and learned to hate Him whose name is love.—*Kingsley's Sermons.*

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THE BLESSINGS OF THE BIBLE.—What an illustrious book is the Bible! It rises like a stream in the desert land,—its source in the skies, and its fountain in the valleys of the earth. It has rolled on, century after century, enriching every land with verdure and beauty, reflecting all the glowing sky above it, diffusing "whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are of good report," around it. It shines into the casement of the widow, like the light of the morning sun, and makes her heart sing with joy, and enables her orphan to lift her eye to the wide shore of the eternal sea, and to say, Immensity is my home; eternity is my lifetime; the mighty God that built the universe is my Father, my Portion, my Friend. It plants in man's heart the hope of joy, the halo of glory and of immortality. It erects in man's conscience the rule of right and wrong. It is emphatically the standard of Christianity. Wherever that standard is unrolled, there freedom finds its noblest footing.

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SPIRITUAL NERVOUSNESS.—There may be a nervousness about spiritual as well as physical health. There may be a too constant fixing of our attention upon our frames and feelings. It is true we must keep our heart with all diligence; it is true we must watch; but then watching to see what is the present state of our souls is not our only duty. We are to watch unto prayer and effort. He will never do anything physically, whose whole soul is occupied with doubting whether his health will permit him to do a certain work. Nor will he do anything spiritually, whose mind is occupied with doubting whether his soul is in a condition for performing duty.

A Christian must not be ignorant of his heart. He must not conceal from himself his manifold imperfections. But he is not to do nothing but contemplate those imperfections. He must use the means of correcting them.

Useful, Scientific, &c.

THE WHITWORTH GUN.

It is stated that a battery of Whitworth twelve-pounders has been received at Washington, a present from American residents in England. This battery is a very acceptable present, certainly. The Whitworth gun is a light breech-loading rifled gun, the principle of the construction of which is much like that of the Maynard rifle.

Whitworth's guns were tested at Southport, near Liverpool, on the 15th and 24th of April last. Four of his guns were tested. Two were three-pounders, the guns weighing only 208 pounds. One was a twelve-pounder—the calibre of the guns just received at Washington. The London Illustrated News says, of the three-pounders, three shot *five miles and a half!* This range, the London News says, was greater "than that of any gun of any calibre that had before been tried, not excepting any made by Sir William Armstrong. He on one occasion succeeded in throwing a 32-pound shot five miles and 330 yards, a range which neither he himself nor any one else exceeded until it was far surpassed by Mr. Whitworth."

The News thus far compares the Whitworth gun with the far-famous Armstrong gun:

It has since been said that precision rather than range was chiefly aimed at by Sir Wm. Armstrong. It would seem likely, however, that the gun that was able to give its shot the best impetus for flight would also give it the truest impetus for precision. The statement, however, had the high authority of Mr. Sidney Herbert, who supported it in the House of Commons by giving what must be taken to be the best results in precision obtained by Sir W. Armstrong. Out of forty shots fired with the Armstrong twelve pounder, Mr. Herbert gave the results of fifteen, fired respectively at elevations of 7, 8, and 9 degrees. And here we may contrast this mode, so often adopted in recording artillery practice, of giving the results of selected shots, with that adopted in recording the experiments at Southport. The exact result of every shot fired there has been published, without any suppression or allowance for trial or wild shots, and without any selection of a favorable per centage of the hits made. This enables any one acquainted with the subject, even though not present at the experiments, to deduce correct conclusions from them. But to return to the account of the Armstrong twelve-pounder, which it will be interesting to compare with the Whitworth twelve-pounder, as to precision of fire as well as range. We quote Mr. Herbert's speech made in the House on Friday, February 17:—"The last gun made by Sir William Armstrong, and sent to be tried, was a twelve-pounder. At 7 degrees of elevation, in five rounds, the range was from 2,465 to 2,495 yards, the difference in the range being 30 yards, and the greatest difference in width three yards." With these may be compared the practice with a Whitworth of the same calibre (twelve-pounder), fired at the same elevation (7 degrees) on February 21, as appears from the table below. The range was 3,078 yards to 3,107 yards, the difference in range being 29 yards, the greatest difference in width 1½ yard.

The range of the Whitworth at 7 degrees (3,107 yards) exceeded the Armstrong at 7 degrees (range 2,495 yards) by 612 yards; it, in fact, exceeded the range obtained by the latter gun at 8 degrees, and even 9 degrees, and was therefore not fixed at 8 degrees or 9 degrees.

Peculiarities of the Whitworth.—Objections have been made to the Whitworth cannon on the score that it does not fire shell; but if, as Mr. Whitworth states, it is adapted for solid shot, and still better for shell and hollow shot filled with molten iron, the objection is without foundation. He also states that his guns are actually stronger than they are practically required to be, and may be fired, as mortars, at any elevation, and with the largest charge of powder that they can consume. This was strikingly illustrated by the practice of the three-pounder at Southport, when it was, with its carriage, elevated on a platform, and fired like a mortar at 35 degrees, without injuring it in any way. This must be ascribed to the fact that the recoil in guns firing the mechanically-fitting projectiles from the polygonal bore is reduced to its minimum. The projectile is easily started; and in familiar terms, soon acquires way when it is propelled through the smooth, well-lubricated tube, and, as provision is made for keeping it at its issue perfectly concentric with the bore, it is propelled under the conditions most favorable as to range and precision, and also as to recoil. The bore, as is well known, is a spiral hexagonal in section, the corners being rounded off. The pitch of the rifling, or the turn, is a rapid one.

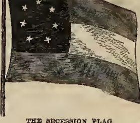
The Bore of the Guns.—The three-pounder is 70 inches long, and, with a bore of 1½ inches, has one turn in 40 inches, and weighs only 208 pounds. The twelve-pounder, with a bore of 3.2 inches, has one turn in 60 inches. The eighty-pounder, with a bore of 5.4 inches, has one turn in 100 inches. The quick turn and reduced bore are recognised as being the special features in the Whitworth system, both for rifled cannon and the rifled musket.

The Breech-Loading.—All the cannon fired at Southport are breech-loaders. The breech end of the gun is closed, when charged, by a cap screwed on something like a magnified top of a pencil case, except that, being of larger proportions, it is turned by a handle. The cap is not detached, but works in a hoop, which is connected by a hinge-joint to the breech of the gun.

How the Gun is Charged and Worked.—The method of charging and working the gun is as follows:—Two or three turns of the handle unscrew the breech cap, which is received and supported in a hoop, and is then slung back, or rather on one side, like an opened door, leaving the breech end of the gun exposed. The projectile is then pushed in, and behind it is inserted a tin cartridge-case, containing the powder, and shaped hexagonally to fit the rifled bore. The powder is kept in the cartridge case by a wad or hexagonal cake of lubricating material, such as a mixture of wax and tallow. In the rear end of the tin case is a small orifice corresponding with the vent, which is made in the center of the breech-cap. The tin cartridge case being inserted, the hinged hoop carrying the breech-cap is swung to in door fashion, and by turning the handle, it is screwed firmly on the rear of the gun. An ordinary friction fusee is then inserted in the vent, made as stated, in the center of the breech-cap, and the piece is discharged generally in less than a minute from the time of beginning to load, and that without any attempt at hurry. When the piece is discharged there is an escape of gases from the breech; and when it is unscrewed and swung aside, the end of the tin cartridge-case is seized by hand, or by a suitable gripping instrument, and is withdrawn from the gun. The case thus brings away with it all the fouling deposits; and, as the barrel is completely lubricated by the lubricating wad, no sponging or cleansing by water is required; in fact the shots, as they issue, clean the gun.

The Cartridge-Case.—Next to the gun itself, the tin cartridge-case, whose convenience and utility were strikingly manifest, was most admired. Its suitableness for storage and superiority over the old flannel bag were universally acknowledged.

It should be mentioned that, at different times during the continuance of the experiments, many military officers of high rank in our own and foreign services, and of acknowledged authority in matters relating to artillery, were present.



THE SECESSION FLAG.

We present our readers with a representation of the flag adopted by the Secession Congress at Montgomery. Although the traitors have forsaken the ensign which was first thrown to the breeze eighty-four years ago, they have chosen the old colors,—red, white and blue. The flag is composed of three stripes, or "bars" as they are called in the act of adoption, the upper and lower being red and the center white. The field is blue and the seven stars (representing those States which had seceded at the time the design was selected,) are thrown into a circle upon the union. Whether the number of these stars can, or will, be changed, as in the case of the National Ensign upon the admission of a new State, we are not aware, for the act of adoption makes no provision. Probably the traitors were heeding the biblical instruction, "take no heed of the morrow,"—they will doubtless find that "sufficient to the day is the evil thereof." Be this as it may, the style of the flag has received very little favor from either friends or foes. It possesses neither grace nor beauty. *Vanity Fair* calls it "the half-sheet banner," remarking that seven stars are awkward to arrange upon the union of a flag. There are not enough of them to form a star, or a decent circle, or a square, or any other geometrical figure. They *will* look lonesome, like a small galaxy of lost pleiades, being too few for the Union, and too many to go it alone. Like black sheep, they are quite lost in the Folds, and do not possess the glittering sheen that Our Thirty-four persist in flashing upon the winds of heaven. Plainly, the ensign of the Confederated States is an Ill-Starred Flag!

WAR TERMS.

The columbiad or paixhan, (pronounced payzeo,) is a large gun designed principally for firing shells—it being far more accurate than the ordinary short mortar.

A mortar is a very short cannon with a very large bore, some of them thirteen inches in diameter, for firing shells. Those in use in our army are set at an angle of forty-five degree, and the range of shell is varied by altering the charge of powder. The shell is caused to explode at just about the time it strikes, by means of a fuse, the length of which is adjusted to the time of flight to be occupied by the ball, which of course corresponds with the range. The accuracy with which the time of the burning of a fuse can be adjusted by varying its length is surprising; good artillerists generally succeed in having their shells explode at the exact instant of striking. In loading a mortar the shell is carefully placed with the fuse directly forward, and when the piece is discharged, the shell is so completely enveloped with flame, that the fuse is nearly always fired. The fuse is made by filling a wooden cylinder with fuse powder, the cylinder being of sufficient length for the longest range, to be cut down shorter for the shortest ranges.

A Dahlgren gun is an ordinary cannon, except that it is very thick at the breech for three or four feet, when it tapers down sharply to less than the usual size. This form was adopted in consequence of the experiments of Capt. Dahlgren of the United States navy, having shown that when a gun bursts it usually gives way at the breech. The ship of war Niagara is armed with these guns, and at the Brooklyn Navy Yard there are sixty, weighing about 9,000 pounds each, and six of 12,000 lbs. each, the former of which are capable of carrying a nine-inch, and the latter a ten-inch shell a distance of two or three miles, and there is one gun of this pattern which weighs 15,916 lbs. and is warranted to send an eleven inch shell four miles.

A casemate is a stone roof to a fort made sufficiently thick to resist the force of cannon balls, and a casemate gun is one which is placed under a casemate.

A barbette gun is one which is placed on the top of a fortification.

An embrasure is the hole or opening through which guns are fired from fortifications.

Loopholes are openings in walls to fire musketry through.—*Scientific American.*

WHAT ARE TREES MADE OF?

If we were to take up a handful of soil and examine it under the microscope, we should probably find it to contain a number of fragments of wood, small broken pieces of branches or leaves, or other parts of the tree. If we could examine it chemically, we should find yet more strikingly that it was nearly the same as wood in its composition. Perhaps, then, it may be said, the young plant obtains its wood from the earth in which it grows. The following experiment will show whether this conjecture is correct or not. Two hundred pounds of earth were dried in an oven, and afterwards put into a large earthen vessel; the earth was then moistened with rainwater, and a willow tree, weighing five pounds, was planted therein. During the space of five years, the earth was carefully watered with rain water. The willow grew and flourished, and to prevent the earth from being mixed with fresh earth, being blown upon it by winds, it was covered with a metal plate full of very minute holes, which would exclude everything but air from getting across the earth below it. After growing in the earth for five years, the tree was removed, and on being weighed was found to have gained one hundred and sixty-four pounds. And this estimate did not include the weight of the leaves or dead branches which in five years fell from the tree.

Now came the application of the test. Was all this obtained from the earth? It had not sensibly diminished; but in order to make the experiment conclusive, it was again dried in an oven and put to the balance. Astonishing was the result—the earth weighed only *two ounces* less than it did when the willow was first planted in it! yet the tree has gained *one hundred and sixty-four pounds.* Manifestly then, the wood thus gained in the space of time was *not* obtained from the earth; we are therefore obliged to repeat our question, "Where does the wood come from?" We are left with only two alternatives, the water with which it was refreshed, or the air in which it lived. It can be clearly shown that it was not due to the water; we are consequently unable to resist the perplexing and wonderful conclusion—it was derived from the *air.*

Can it be? Were those great ocean spaces of wood, which are as old as man's introduction into Eden, and wave in their vast and solitary luxuriance over the fertile hills and plains of South America, were all those obtained from the thin air? Were the particles which unite to form our battle-ships, Old England's walls of wood, ever borne the world about, not only on wings of air themselves? Was the firm table on which I rest, the solid floor on which I dwell, once in a form which I could not as much as lay my finger on, and grasp in my hand? Wonderful that all this is air.—*English Paper.*

Rural New-Yorker.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JUNE 22, 1861.

THE WAR'S PROGRESS.

FACTS, SCENES, INCIDENTS, ETC.

Extracts from the Southern Press.

Speech-making at the South.—In the last issue of the Rural we gave a specimen of the speeches emanating from Jefferson Davis of the Southern Confederacy. We now publish an extract from one delivered by Alexander H. Stephens, at Atlanta, Georgia.

"It is true that threats of an attack on Pensacola have been made, but it is uncertain whether any attack will be made. As you know, an attack was made on Sewall's Point, near Norfolk, but the vessel making it was repulsed and disabled. But the general opinion and indications are that the first demonstration will be at Harper's Ferry, and that there, where John Brown inaugurated his work of slaughter, will be fought a fierce and bloody battle. As for myself, I believe that there the war will begin; and that the first boom of cannon that breaks upon our ears will come from that point. But let it begin where it will, and be as bloody and prolonged as it may, *we are prepared for the issue!*

The North is fast drifting to anarchy and an established despotism. On you, therefore, as citizens of the Confederate States, depend the success and perpetuation of constitutional liberty; for the day is not far off when freedom will exist only south of Mason and Dixon's line, and your stout arms and brave hearts will be her only support on all this continent.

We prefer and desire peace if we can have it; but if we cannot, we must meet the issue forced upon us. We must meet Lincoln and his myrmidons on their own ground, and on their own terms,—on constitutional principles."

"Gen. Scott a Prisoner of War."—Such is the heading, only in much larger type, of an article in a late number of the Galveston (Texas) News, in which it goes on and says that Gen. Scott is held in Washington as a prisoner of war. The same paper also advises the immediate confiscation of the large property in Texas owned by W. W. Leland, of New York city. It says that "the property of every alien enemy should go into the public treasury."

The Blockade.—The Charleston Mercury of May 15th thus expressed its feelings upon the blockade: "To talk of attempting to '*subjugate*' the Southern States we regard as the very wildest gibberish of insanity. And we presume that every intelligent man upon the continent is aware of the fact, whatever loose talk may emanate from political desperadoes, enraged fanatics and silly ignoramuses. Two hundred thousand men, and all the money that could be raised by a mortgage upon the entire real estate of the North, could not effect it. Blood and desolation it might make a plenty, and a plenty of it would be Northern blood and Northern desolation. And it would begin not far from Washington, and not stop short of Philadelphia, New York and Boston. Nor would it be confined to the land. For Northern commerce has been lucrative, and the spoils of naval adventure are rich and tempting. Thousands of desperate men would be induced by patriotism, hate and interest combined, to prey upon it under the seal of the Confederate States,—letters of marque and reprisal. Nor would the nations of Europe deny themselves the privilege of taking our produce at fair prices, to please the pretensions of an arrogant and presumptuous people, whose occupation is rivalry with those very foreign nations. Blockade is ridiculous, and the idea of coercing the South is folly."

Change of Tone.—The Mercury has ceased its blustering tone and evidently begins to appreciate the situation of affairs. In a recent article it gave a very full account of the preparations making by the general government, and declared earnestly that it would not be safe for the South to underrate the strength of its enemy. It closed its article with the impressive remark:—"In all this, the military proceedings of the North, since the fall of Sumter, have been eminently wise. For the purpose of overpowering, disheartening and gaining the first advantages, which, both at home and abroad, are of immense importance, the concentration of all the forces available as promptly as possible, has been clearly the course of generalship and of true economy. The first blow is said to be often half the battle. The war policy of Scott and the Northern Government has all the effect of the first blow."

Treason at Parkersburg.—The Parkersburg (Va.) Intelligencer says:—"We understand that the picket guard of the 14th (Federal) regiment caught three men yesterday afternoon in the attempt to burn a railroad bridge East of Parkersburg, for the manifest purpose of preventing the Government troops passing eastward. M. Jackson, Esq., the prosecuting Attorney of Wood county, a loyal friend of the Union, assured Col. Steedman that these traitors should be committed to prison if given up to the regular course of law. They were given up, but unfortunately were taken before Judge Jackson, (not Gen. J.,) who at once dismissed them. Afterwards when the Attorney protested against this unwarranted course, he ordered his arrest for contempt of Court. The report is that at once many revolvers were drawn and pointed at Judge Jackson, and he was told that that was an order that could not be executed!

"Now if these statements are true, it becomes Judge Jackson to beware. The giving of *aid* and *comfort* to the enemy is treason, and all traitors will be summarily dealt with. *We are at war and there will be no traitors left in the rear!* Our soldiers are not to be molested or trifled with. They will hang a Judge who is a traitor as promptly as the poorest rebel wretch in whose veins flow no aristocratic blood. And we say in a kind spirit to our Virginia friends, that just now the less said about the "sacred soil of Virginia" the better. The people of the country will not brook any such talk."

Parson Brownlow's Flag.—The editor of the Knoxville (Tenn.) Whig, W. G. Brownlow, is known the country over as the "Fighting Preacher." A strong friend of the Union, he has dealt many and hard blows to Secession, and has kept the "Stars and Stripes" flying over his house during all the excitement and tumult. This flag has been an eyesore to the traitors, and various attempts have been made to remove it, but without success. These repeated demonstrations have aroused the Parson's ire, and in a recent issue he lays down his platform at some length, from which we make the following extracts:

"It is known to this community, and to the people of this county, that I have had the Stars and Stripes, in the character of a small flag, floating over my dwelling, in East Knoxville, since February. This flag has become very offensive to certain leaders of the Secession party in this town, and to certain would-be leaders, and the more so, as it is about the only one of the kind floating in the city. Squads of troops, from three to twenty, have come over to my house, within the last several days, cursing the flag in front of my house, and threatening to take it down, greatly to the annoyance of my wife and children. It is due to the Tennessee troops to say that they have never made any such demonstrations. Other troops, from the Southern States, passing into Virginia, have been induced to do so, by certain cowardly, sneaking, white-livered scoundrels, residing here, who have not the *mettle* to undertake but they urge strangers to do. * * * * Now, I wish to say a few things to the public, in connection with this subject. This flag is private property, upon a private dwelling, in a State that has *never voted herself out of the Union,* or into the Southern Confederacy, and is therefore lawfully and constitutionally under these same stars and stripes I have floating over my house. * * * * Those who are in rebellion against the Government represented by the stars and stripes have up the rebel flag, and it is a high piece of work to deny loyal citizens of the Union the privilege of displaying their colors!

But there is one other feature of this tyranny and of these mobocratic assaults, I wish to lay before the people, irrespective of parties. There are but few of the leaders of this Secession movement in Knoxville, less than half a dozen, for whom I entertain any sort of respect, or whose good opinions I esteem. With one of these I had a free and full conversation more than two weeks ago, in regard to this whole question. I told him, that we Union men would make the best fight we could at the ballot-box, on the 8th of June, to keep the State in the Union, but that if we were overpowered, and a majority of the people of the State should say in this constitutional way that she must secede, we should have to come down, and bring our flags with us, bowing to the will of the majority with the best grace we could. * * * * The whole Secession party here know this to be the position and purpose of the Union party, but a portion of them seek to bring about personal conflicts, and to engage strangers, under the influence of whisky, to do a dirty and villainous work they have the meanness to do, without the courage.

If these God-forsaken scoundrels and Hell-deserving assassins want satisfaction for what I have said about them,—and it has been no little,—they can find me on these streets every day of my life, but Sunday. I am at all times prepared to give them satisfaction. I take back nothing I have ever said against the corrupt and unprincipled villains, but reiterate all, cast it in their dastardly faces, and hurl down their lying throats their own infamous calumnies.

Finally, the destroying of my small flag or of my town property, is a small matter. The carrying out of the State upon the mad wave of Secession, is also a small matter, compared with the great principle involved. Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I am a Union man, and owe my allegiance to the stars and stripes of my country. Nor can I, in any possible contingency, have any respect for the Government of the Confederate States, originating as it did, and being controlled by the worst men in the South."

A Desolated Region.—The Wheeling (Va.) Intelligencer draws this picture of the effect of Jeff. Davis's occupation of Virginia soil:—"If any one wants to see what secession will do for a Western Virginia community, let him go to Phillippa and the adjacent country, and see what it has done for that section. It has paralized all that region. It has invited the arms of the Government and the devastating tramp of soldiery. It has stopped the plow in the furrow, the hoe around the corn hills, and all the details of agriculture. It has driven an affrighted people from their homes for fear of their lives, and their houses are tenanted by troops sent among them to put down rebellion. The town of Phillippa is almost a waste. Every little industry about the place has stopped, nine-tenths of the people have gone no one knows where. Many if not most of the inhabitants have voted the secession ticket, and they in their ignorance supposed that they would either be hung or shot in so doing. So they fled. The Union men had fled from the secession soldiery some days before, and now the secessionists in their turn have fled from the Government soldiery. And thus the town and much of the country roundabout bears a deserted look. There is no estimating the damage done to a community by a revolutionary convulsion, such as that which has so suddenly overtaken the country round Phillippa. They cannot recover from it for years."

Brigham Young on the Union.

The great Boanerges of Utah has been delivering a sermon on the political troubles of the country. He says:

"I exhort the brethren not to boast over our enemies' downfall. Boast not, brethren. God has come out of his hiding place, and has commenced *to vex the nation that has rejected us, and he will vex it with a sore vexation. It will not be patched up—it never can come together again,—but it will be sifted with a sieve of vanity, and in a short time it will be like water spilled on the ground, and like chaff upon the summer threshing floor,* until those wicked stewards are cut off. What will King Abraham do? I do not know, neither do I care. It is no difference what he does, or what any of them do. Why? God will accomplish his own purposes, and they may do or not do; they may take the road that leads to the right, or they may take the road that leads to the left, and which ever road they do take, they will wish they had taken the other.

"There is no more a United States. Can they amalgamate and form a Government? No. No. Will they have ability to form a Government and continue it? No, they will not. Hear it, Jew and Gentile. Suppose there is a division between the North and the South, and the fifteen slave States try to form a permanent government, can they do it? I tell you they cannot. They are too smart. South Carolina is taking the lead, and says she, 'we will sit as kings and queens, or revolt from you.' Says Georgia, 'we have as smart men in our State as you have, and we will have a President from our State.' 'But you cannot,' says South Carolina. How long will it be before some other State, perhaps New York, forms a separate Government? And if a State has a right to secede, so has a Territory, and so has a county from a State or Territory, and a town from a county, and a family from a neighborhood, and you will have a perfect anarchy."

The Rebel Postal Arrangements.

The Post-Master General of the Davis Confederacy, Jack Reagan, of Texas, advertised some time ago for blanks, locks, keys, mail bags, and other appurtenances of a postal system. What was really [illegible] honest transaction, appears meant by this apparen[illegible] propo[illegible] from the following thief's circular, which was sent to all the post-masters in the Rebel States:

CIRCULAR NO. 4.

Confederate States of America,
P. O. Department, Montgomery, May 20, 1861.

Sir:—You are hereby instructed, as the postal service of the Government of the United States within the Confederate States will be suspended by the service under the authority of the Confederate States on and after the first day of June next, to retain in your possession, subject to the further orders of this Department, for the benefit of the Confederate States, all mail bags, locks, and keys, marking and rating stamps, blanks for quarterly returns of post-masters, and all other property belonging to or connected with the postal service, and to return forthwith to the Chief of the Appointment Bureau of this Department a full inventory of the same.

You will also report to the Chief of the Finance Bureau of this Department on the first day of June proximo, your journal or ledger account with the United States, for the service of the P. O. Department, up to and including the 31st day of the present month, (May,) in accordance with the general regulations embraced in chapter 24 of the edition of laws and regulations of the Post-Office Department, issued May 16, 1859, page 106, exhibiting the final balance in your possession.

I am, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
John Reagan, P. M. G.

The Trophies Captured at Phillippa.

A correspondent of the Pittsburg Chronicle writes of the result of the capture of Phillippa by our troops as follows:—"The number of arms captured is seven hundred and eighty stand, quite a number of horses, and all their camp equipage and provisions. The rebel camp flag was brought into headquarters this afternoon. It consists of a blue field with eight stars, and two brown and one white stripes. The flag is about ten feet long and five feet wide. The field is torn, a cannon ball having passed through it, from one of Col. Kelley's six-pounders. A gentleman, just from their camp, informs me that the privates of Col. Kelley's command are amusing themselves by strutting around with sword and small arms, cocked hats, and other paraphernalia of the secession camp. A train has just arrived with fifteen boxes of flint muskets, furnished by the Governor of Virginia to the rebels. These arms have not been used, and are in good condition. The other arms captured are not of much account. A great number of boxes of blankets were captured, which will be of much service to our men. The amount of camp goods taken is estimated at $26,000. The officers were well dressed and equipped, and were what were denominated the flower of the chivalry; but the men, except the dragoons, were badly equipped, hastily got together, and will not fight, as there are among them many good Union men, who have been pressed into service. Col. Willy, the secession commander, is a prisoner.

The Rebel Plan of Attack.

The Washington correspondent of the Tribune telegraphs the following:

It is the intention of the disunion leaders to attack us from the east and west at once. In the course of next week—probably by Tuesday or Wednesday—Gen. Beauregard is to cross the Potomac a short distance above the Chain Bridge, or over that bridge, while Davis, at the head of twenty thousand to twenty-five thousand troops from Richmond, crosses at Acquia Creek. The former, marching around us, will take possession of Annapolis Junction, which can be reached in twelve hours. The latter will co-operate with the Baltimore rebels, while a detachment from Harper's Ferry moves down to the Relay House by the Baltimore and Ohio road. The three columns then waiting, and reinforced by the long-suffering rebels of Baltimore, can march upon Washington on a side where it is unfortified. Communication with the North and West, both by rail and telegraph, will have been cut off, and thirty-five thousand patriotic soldiers encamped in and about Washington will be called upon to meet from forty thousand to fifty thousand troops, led by daring and experienced generals, who have everything to gain by success, and everything to lose by failure.

Preparing for Escape.

The Augusta Constitutionalist of the 30th ult. has the following significant paragraph:

Jeff. Davis' War Horse.—"President Davis' war horse passed through this city last night on his way to Virginia. Accompanying the animal was the President's saddle, on the horn of which is a compass, *to be used in case the rider should lose his way.*"

Davis has method in his madness, it is clear. He prepares himself for all emergencies. A war horse to go into battle is a good thing; and a compass to guide him, when the time comes to make an escape, is also a good thing. He is not at all familiar with the thickets of Virginia, and in his efforts to get away he might easily mistake his path. He might be galloping with all speed due north, when his policy was to go due South. His compass in the horn of his saddle will direct him aright. While he may avoid McDowell on one side, he can steer clear of Butler on the other, and also give a wide berth to McClellan. We admire the sagacity and prudence of the compass arrangement.

Desperation of the Rebels.

The Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia Press communicates some interesting information respecting the designs and temper of the rebels. We copy his letter:

Washington, June 2, 1861.

Many of our best informed observers begin to think that there will be no serious resistance to our troops in Virginia, and that the policy of retreat will be maintained by the disunionists as far more agreeable than a crushing and inglorious defeat. This is not my opinion.

The conspirators must fight. That Davis, Stephens, Mason, Hunter, and Slidell, bitterly realize their blunder, I not only believe, *but I know it.* We have only to recall the reluctance with which Davis left the Senate and the Union; the conservative speeches of Stephens, up to the very moment of his disgraceful desertion of the cause of his country; the timid treachery and double faced logic of Hunter; the brag of that immense ass and bully, Mason, whose assumptions of superiority were in ridiculous contrast to his own transparent ignorance — to find the evidence of this assertion.

But these bold, bad men, are already suspected by their dupes. They have always been distrusted by a great party in the South. And, as debt, despair, and utter gloom begin to settle upon the secession cause, those who were forced into this cause will demand that Davis and his Directory shall do something or go to the wall. Bear in mind that the idea of a divided North and a united South has been dispelled. It has been reversed.

We have no Andrew Johnson in the free States, no Emerson Etheridge, no Frank Blair, no Sherrard Clemens, no George D. Prentice, to divide our solid column, because these men speak and act against a foul and festering wrong, and because the creed of the people of the loyal States is that of honor, gratitude, and liberty. But in the seceded States all is distrust and doubt.

The other slave States are more than divided, because those who there oppose secession will do it alike with the ballot and the cartridge box. Hence a bold forward movement is demanded at the hands of Davis and his set, to save themselves. You see that Davis has at last reached Richmond. He is there in bad health and worse spirits. He is there a broken-hearted, bankrupt man. All his chiefs are sick or sullen.

There is not one man in the whole cabal that is not either ashamed or disgusted with himself. They look upon the movements of the North with terror and with horror. They behold the awful power of the Government of the United States, now rapidly developing, with amazement and wonder. They know that their only safety is in fight, and fight they will, even if it is but one battle, and that their last on earth. OCCASIONAL.

The War in Eastern Virginia.

THE inexperience, or inefficiency, or both, of one of our created Generals, brought a sad reverse upon the Federal arms during the past week. The following particulars have been received:

Gen. Butler having learned that the rebels were fortifying a camp, with strong batteries, at Great Bethel, nine miles from Hampton, on the Yorktown road, he deemed it necessary to dislodge them. Accordingly movements were made on the night of the 10th, from Monroe and Newport News. About midnight, Col. Duryee's Zouaves and Col. Townsend's Albany Regiment crossed the river at Hampton, by means of large batteaux manned by the Naval Brigade, and took up the line of march, the former two miles in advance of the latter. At the same time Col. Bendix's regiment and detachments of the Vermont and Massachusetts regiments at Newport News, moved forward to form a junction with the regulars from Fortress Monroe at Little Bethel, about half way between Hampton and Great Bethel. The Zouaves passed Little Bethel about 4 A. M. Col. Bendix's regiment arrived and took up a position on the intersection of the roads. Not understanding the signal, the German regiment, in the darkness of the night, fired upon Col. Townsend's column, marching in close order and led by Lieut. Butler, son and aid-de-camp of Gen. Butler, with two pieces of artillery. Other accounts say that Col. Townsend's regiment fired first. At all events the fire of the Albany regiment was harmless, while that of the German was fatal, killing one man and wounding seriously two others, with several other slight casualties. The Albany regiment being back of the German, discovered from the accoutrements left on the field that the supposed enemy was a friend. They had in the meantime fired nine rounds, with small arms and field pieces. The Zouaves, hearing the firing, turned and also fired upon the Albany boys. At daybreak Col. Allen's and Col. Carr's regiments moved from the rear of the Fortress to support the main body.

The mistake at Little Bethel having been ascertained, the buildings were burned, and a major, with two prominent secessionists, taken prisoners. The troops then advanced upon Great Bethel, but our three small pieces of artillery were unable to cope with the heavy rifled cannon of the enemy. The rebel battery was completely masked. No men could be seen, only the flashes of the guns. There were probably less than 1,000 men behind the batteries of the rebels. A well-concerted movement might have secured the position, but Brigadier-General Pierce, who commanded the expedition, appears to have lost his presence of mind, and the Troy regiment stood for an hour exposed to a galling fire, when an order to retreat was at last given. Lieut. Greble, of the U. S. A., in command of the artillery, was struck by a cannon ball and instantly killed. He had spiked his gun, and was gallantly endeavoring to withdraw his command. Capt. Geo. Wilson, of the Troy regiment, after the order to retreat was given, took possession of the gun, and brought it off the field with his corpse. Our loss was fourteen killed and forty-five wounded.

Great indignation is manifested against Brigadier-General Pierce. General Butler has been ubiquitous, doing all in his power to save our men and the honor of our cause.

All hopes for a brush with the rebels at Harper's Ferry have vanished. Discretion seems the better part of their valor, and we now have to add this important position to the list of points heretofore evacuated by them. Orders were issued by General Scott on the 12th inst. for the concentration at Chambersburg of the troops of New England, New York and Pennsylvania who were destined to Washington and Fortress Monroe. This movement exhibited the determination of the Government to carry Harper's Ferry at all hazards. From all the estimates made it was calculated that something like 35,000 men would, in a day or two, command that place. On the night of the 13th the rebels began to clear out, one account stating that they had gone toward Winchester, while other accounts reported that they were going to Martinsburg to make a stand in that vicinity. Previous to their departure the work of destroying all public property, and that belonging to individuals and corporations known to be inimical to Southern schemes, commenced. The great bridge of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad was fired, and soon after a tremendous explosion was heard, caused by the explosion of a mine under the center of the structure. It was a noble piece of work, being one thousand feet long, built by engineer Latrobe, ten years ago, in the most scientific manner. It had six spans, and cost an immense sum. The body of the trestling on which the road was supported, from the bridge to the end of the government property, about half a mile in extent, was nearly all destroyed, as well as the upper bridge, one hundred and twenty feet in length, over the Government canal. The telegraph station, bridges, and the other railroad works, were demolished.

The long range of substantial buildings formerly occupied as a Government armory, was burned to the ground, with the exception of two at the east end, near the Shenandoah.

The rifle works on the Shenandoah were fired. None of the national property remains, except the dwellings and offices on the hills back of the town, and two out of twenty armory buildings. The arsenal was burnt in April by the Government, when Lieut. Jones abandoned the place. The loss to Government in buildings must be from $100,000 to $500,000, while the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Co. have suffered scarcely less, as it is believed some of its equipments have been embodied in this wholesale ruin.

Movements in Western Virginia.

THE Western Virginian, published in Grafton, says that during the entire week the town has presented a scene of active business. The movements of men and munitions of war, to and fro, in large and small parties, in all directions, by railroad and otherwise, are nearly constant; but their destinations and purposes are not known outside of "head-quarters," until their results transpire. The town is strictly guarded, but suitable arrangements are made to prevent unnecessary annoyance to our citizens, and to properly vouched for visitors; and everything appears to be conducted in a quiet and orderly, but a vigorous and efficient manner.

All mischievous traitors who can be reached are arrested and brought to head-quarters, to be properly disposed of. Such as are not guilty of serious offences are promptly discharged on confessing their faults and taking the oath of allegiance. Many of the lower grade of secession leaders come voluntarily forward and confess that they have been deceived by their leaders, in whom they have been wont to put their confidence; and after taking the oath and a word of admonition, go away with a better understanding of the Constitution and laws of their country than they ever had before. On the whole, it is apparent to the most superficial observer, that the Government is really in earnest.

The organs of treason are all dried up in Western Virginia, so far as we know. Vanquished at an early day in the battle of argument, they caved in on that, and appealed to the sword and bayonet. The argument of the Union men were answered by threats of military coercion. Well, they inaugurated their military arguments, and had a brief season of glory. But it was not long before they found that Union men could use that kind of argument too; and not only so, but that they are as strong with the sword as with steel pens. And where are they now?

The Wheeling Union died a natural death a few days ago; the editor of the Fairmont Virginian was last seen with an epaulette on his shoulder on the march southward; Surghnor, of the filthy Phillippa sheet, and "Captain of the Barbour forces," absquatulated in a hurry on Monday morning last, before breakfast; Parkersburg News has been extinguished by its neighbors; the Clarksburg editor was last seen in the Confederate army at Phillippa; the last seen of Dan Morris he was dodging through the woods—we don't know whether he had his Virginia Patriot with him or not; and the Weston Herald has not been heard from. Surely "the way of the transgressor is hard."

A special dispatch from Grafton to the Cincinnati Commercial says, the 11th Indiana Zouaves passed through to Cumberland to-day, where they will join Gen. Patterson's command. From Cheat Mountain Pass there are reports that the rebels are entrenched there. A few are at Beverly and encamped at Huttonsville, but they are demoralized, and companies all disbanding. They report that 10,000 Abolitionists came down upon them at Phillippa, and that they cut their way through, killing 1,000 men. They admitted at Beverly the loss of 30 men.

A special from Grafton to the Cincinnati Gazette says that Gen. Morris has issued the following proclamation, in connection with that of Gen. McClelland:

HEAD-QUARTERS, U. S. VOLUNTEERS,
Western Virginia, Grafton, June 8, 1861.

VIRGINIANS:—In issuing the above proclamation of the Commanding General of the Department of Ohio, I have now the pleasure of announcing that we have routed and completely discomfited the secessionists in arms at Phillippa. Their forces are demoralized, the desertions are numerous, and the panic stricken remnant have taken refuge in the mountains. Western Virginia is free from enemies to her freedom and peace.

In full confidence of your ability and desire to protect yourselves, I now call upon you to come to the support of your constitutional Government. I am empowered to muster you into the service of the United States, to serve only in the defense of your own soil. Arms and munitions will be furnished you.

Assemble at once at your various county seats and report to me for instructions. Cavalry and infantry will be received at once.

[Signed,] F. A. MORRIS,
Brig. Gen. Com'g U. S. troops at Phillippa.

Col. Lewis Wallace, with a portion of the Indiana regiment, left Cumberland for Romney, Virginia, on the 11th instant, where he surprised, and after a short conflict, completely routed five hundred secession troops, capturing some prisoners, killing two, wounding others, and taking some first class camp equipage, provisions, and medical stores. One Indianian was slightly wounded. The victors returned to Cumberland the same day.

Defensive Works of the Federal Forces.

THE regular Washington correspondent of the N. Y. Post, writing on the 11th inst., gives a description of the works erected by the Federal troops on the "sacred soil" of Virginia; also, a brief biographical sketch of the rebel proprietor of General McDOWELL's headquarters, as follows:

A ride last evening over the Potomac and along our lines revealed the pleasant fact that our entrenchments are already in such a state of forwardness as would give Beauregard a great deal of trouble if he were to make the insane attempt of trying to carry them. I do not intend to give any facts which might be of use to the enemy, for Gen. Mansfield has frequently, of late, requested the correspondents to be cautious in their descriptions of our earthwork fortifications from Alexandria to the Chain Bridge, and, if it must be told, some of the knights of the pen have abused his generosity and confidence.

It is safe enough to say that, in a few days more, three thousand men could command the approaches to Alexandria and Washington against twenty thousand assailants. This is, in fact, the purpose of these elaborate earthworks. Many people from the North upon seeing them have been disappointed, and have exclaimed: "What! is this a defensive war? Are you so afraid of an attack from the rebels that you throw up these fortifications?" The reply is obvious. The works are thrown up on the military principle of always making everything safe as you go, providing against every possible *reverse*. Again, with these earthworks completed, a handful of men can defend Washington and Alexandria against the Southern foe, and the grand army can move on.

At many points cannon are already planted, and before Saturday night the heaviest of the work will be done.

General McDowell has a beautiful spot for his headquarters, the well known Arlington House, and General Lee's old servants seem to delight in caring for the new occupants of the place. Lee was a hard master, as many a kind-hearted housewife in Washington, who has given his slaves something to eat on Sundays, knows. He took with him all the smart slaves, and left behind the old and infirm, and the very young. Yet every one of these slaves is legally entitled to his freedom. Mr. Curtis, in his will, gave them all their freedom, but gave to Lee, his son-in-law, certain temporary power over them. This he has used very roughly, utterly refusing to show the will to any of the friends of the slaves, who were anxious to see that their rights under Virginia law were secured to them. There is a toothless old woman on the place, who, for ten years, has been obliged to rise at daylight and knit till dark—it is all she can do — to secure to herself a few of the comforts necessary to old age. Lee has been in the habit of giving her weekly *a peck of unground corn and two salt herrings*. These facts were known to me before the present troubles began. A slave girl of sixteen attempted to run away from the plantation a year since and was caught. General Lee ordered her to be stripped to the waist and whipped, and this was done in the presence of her mother. After the whipping the girl was taken to Richmond, and there forwarded to some cotton plantation. It is not strange that the slaves left behind gladly welcome the change.

Defences of Memphis.

As Memphis is likely to be one of the principal points of interest in the West, during the coming campaign, any thing relating to its position and defences is just now of particular interest. The Western Division of the great Union army will undoubtedly push forward in that direction before many weeks have passed. The following, from a correspondent of the Philadelphia Inquirer, gives the best description of the defences on the route to the city, both by land and down the river. It will be seen that there are even difficulties for our army to surmount before they can reach the point aimed at.

Memphis, it will be remembered, stands on the left bank of the Mississippi, about one-third of the distance between Cairo and New Orleans. It possesses tolerable advantages of defence from an attack by the river, as the banks of the stream just above the city are sufficiently elevated to enable artillery to play with effect for a great distance. The approaches to the city from the railroads coming from the East and North are guarded by entrenchments thrown up at the proper distances from the tracks, and in two places, these entrenchments are in very commanding positions.

The guns mounted here are 32 and 24 pounders, and they command each track for at least two miles. The batteries on the bluff on the river bank, above the city, are mounted with rifled cannon on circular platforms, and it is supposed that the range of the shot from these guns will be so great as to enable them to be of material assistance, even in case of an attack from the railroad. The river defences above Memphis are as follows: First, Fort Harris, ten miles north, on the left bank of the Mississippi, 3,000 men. Second, Fort Rector, on the other side, twelve miles north, 4,000 Arkansas troops. Third, a battery at the mouth of Wolf river, mounting 24-pounders. Fourth, Fort Wright, sixty-five miles up, on the left bank, 8,000 troops, with ten 64-pounders, five large mortars, and twelve 24-pounders. Fifth, a fort at Osceola, on the left bank, ninety-seven miles north, 5,000 men.

The defences on the railroad consist of earthworks thrown up at the points on the line between Cairo and Memphis, all of which are mounted with heavy artillery, and abundantly supplied with troops. At Columbus, Ky., twenty miles below Cairo, there are 1000 Kentucky Riflemen, but no artillery. At Memphis alone there are 10,000 troops, making the whole numerical force at the points named, 40,000 men. Some of the cannon recently received at Memphis were from the foundry at Aberdeen, in Mississippi, which is now making two guns, with their carriages, every week.

Trouble in the Western Department.

ON the 12th inst., Claiborne F. Jackson, Governor of Missouri, (who has long been watched on account of his secession proclivities,) issued a lengthy proclamation detailing the wrongs inflicted upon the State by the General Government, from which we make a few extracts. He opens thus:

"*To the People of Missouri:*

A series of unprovoked and unparalleled outrages have been inflicted on the peace and dignity of this Commonwealth, and upon the rights and liberties of its people, by wicked and unprincipled men, who profess to act under the authority of the United States government; the solemn enactments of your Legislature have been nullified; your volunteer soldiers have been taken prisoners; your commerce with your sister States has been suspended; your trade with your fellow-citizens has been and is subjected to increasing control of an armed soldiery; peaceful citizens have been imprisoned without warrant of law; unoffending and defenceless men, women and children have been ruthlessly shot down and murdered, and other unbearable indignities have been heaped on your State and yourselves. To all these outrages and indignities you have submitted with patriotic forbearance, which has only encouraged the perpetrators of these grievous usages to attempt still bolder and more daring usurpations. It has been my earnest endeavor under all these embarrassing circumstances to maintain the peace of the State and avert, if possible, from our borders the desolating effect of civil war."

The Governor proposes remedying this dreadful state of affairs by the following means:

"Now, therefore, I, C. F. Jackson, Governor of Missouri, do, in view of the foregoing facts, and by virtue of the power vested in me by the Constitution and laws of this Commonwealth, issue this, my proclamation, calling the Militia of the State, to the number of 50,000, into service of the State for the purpose of repelling such invasion and for the protection of the lives, liberty and property of the citizens of this State, and I earnestly exhort all good citizens of Missouri to rally to the flag of their State for the protection of their endangered homes and firesides, and the defence of their most sacred rights and dearest liberties."

Since the issue of the foregoing the telegraph daily brings information of the activity of the Federal troops in that section under the direction of General Lyon, a man eminently fitted to crush out treason if the material for the work is only in his possession. We give such matters of importance as have been received.

On the 13th, Col. Shaffner, in command at Bird Point, broke up a camp of secessionists near Norfolk, Mo., and succeeded in capturing eighteen rebels who are being examined before Gen. Prentice. A number of others made their escape.

Two six-pounders and about 200 balls, manufactured at Hannibal, Mo., were captured by a company of the Home Guard under Lieut. Crandell, near the town of Linnes, on the night of the 13th, and returned to Hannibal by railroad. The cannon were en route for Chillicothe for the use of the secessionists, where the St. Louis Democrat learns that 2,500 troops are encamped. Two Iowa regiments under Col. Curtis, and a battalion of Illinois volunteers from Quincy, are expected to form a junction with Gen. Lyon at Jefferson City to-morrow. Two companies of Col. Brown's regiment of the reserve corps, went on the North Missouri Railroad, yesterday, to protect the bridges on that route.

Eight regiments are to be stationed two hours march from St. Louis, four at Bellville, four at Casey Mills, four also at Quincy. The Democrat says, we have undoubted information that there were 2,000 State troops at Boonville, Saturday, half well armed and equipped, with several cannon. Entrenchments are being thrown up and troops constantly arriving, and provisions being made for a determined stand. The secessionists have full sway in all the counties along both sides of the Missouri river from Kansas border to Boonville, and the indications are that they are pretty well provided for a fight.

The two bridges at Shergeon and Centralia, on the Northern Missouri railroad, were burned on the 14th inst. Reports of a skirmish near Independence, in which the federal troops were repulsed, seem to have some probability, but the telegraph in that region is entirely under the control of the secessionists. Reliable reports cannot be had.

Company I, Col. Brown's regiment, which went out on the Northern Missouri road on the 15th, returned the next night with a secession flag and eight prisoners, captured at Westville.

Affairs at Washington.

THE reception recently of the Charge d'Affaire from Chili, by this government, was marked by an interchange of the friendliest sentiments, and there is no doubt the American Minister accredited to that country will be welcomed in a like amiable spirit. The appointment of Charles Robinson as Minister to Peru, revives the diplomatic intercourse with that country, and as a consequence Mr. Rogana, who was dismissed by President Buchanan simultaneously with the return of Minister Clay to this country, will in all probability again come hither to represent Peru. It will be recollected that the latter was instructed to ask for his passport in the event of non-compliance with the positive demand of the late Administration, which precluded the consideration of the mode proposed by Peru of settling the question in controversy between the two governments. Thus friendly relations with these two South American Republics have been restored.

Semi-official letters from England give assurance that the British Government is gradually drawing off from its original partiality for the rebel States. The Government is yet anything but friendly to the Union, but is decidedly not so open in its hostility as it was before the arrival of Mr. Adams. These same letters leave no room to doubt that the ministry had once determined upon the extreme measure of recognizing the Southern Confederacy. At the interview which Mr. Adams had with Lord John Russell, the former very distinctly expressed the belief that the British Government intended such a purpose, and charged the British ministry with the want of common diplomatic courtesy to thus attempting to decide upon so vital a question before affording an opportunity to the Administration of explaining the position in which the Government of this country is placed, the object of the rebels, and the power of the Government to suppress the rebellion. Mr. Adams also took occasion to represent to the British minister the injustice of recognizing the rebel States, and to warn him of the fact that this Government would not permit the interference of any foreign Government to prevent the subjugation of the rebel States of the Union.

Information has been received here that letters from seceded States, brought to the West, have no additional postage charged, as required by Postmaster-General Reagan's official programme. This shows that his system is not yet in operation.

Postmaster-General Blair, it is said, requires persons receiving letters from the Rebel States to pay the postage, notwithstanding they bear prepaid stamps, which are regarded as having been stolen by the seceding Postmasters, and therefore not entitled to credit, no equivalent having been received for them by the United States Government.

The Postmaster at Nashville, Tenn., having refused to obey the law and the regulations issued from the department, and having resigned his office, it is ordered by the Postmaster-General that the office be discontinued until further orders, and that all mail matter directed to that office be forwarded by all Postmasters immediately to the dead letter office at Washington, to be disposed of according to law.

The non-payment of the troops, which is exciting some comment, is caused by the absence of the necessary pay rolls. There is no lack of money or of a disposition on the part of the Government to pay them, as soon as the requisite forms can be complied with. This inconvenience will soon be remedied.

The Secretary of War has addressed a letter to the Surgeon-General, in which he says.

During the present war the forces being made up chiefly of volunteers, the public sentiment and the humanity of the age require that the services of women, as nurses, should be made available in the general hospital where, except in a very humble department, they have been excluded. As many carefully selected women are in training in the various cities of the loyal States, it is the order and wish of the Department that women be adopted or substituted for the men now in the general hospital, whenever it can be effected, and that only such women as have received previous training for the purpose be accepted as nurses, except when these can no longer be had, and it is ordered that none be received except those who have previously made application to a lady appointed by the Department to preside over the volunteer women nurses, and who shall have sole authority to select and accept nurses, who are required to be above the age of thirty, with certificates of character and capability. Miss Dix has been appointed Superintendent of the women nurses, with the exclusive charge of accepting such as she may deem properly fitted for the service. The transportation, subsistence, and wages of such nurses as may be accepted by her, are to be paid for from such money as would be expended in the wages and support of men nurses, and are derived from the usual resources of Hospital service.

The Post Master General is engaged in determining on a new style of stamped envelopes, to be ready for public use in a few days. The new stamp will not be furnished till August first. These changes have been rendered necessary by the large supplies retained by the Post Masters in the seceded States, and now used by them without equivalent to the United States. About twenty-four of these Post Masters have returned the balance of stamped envelopes and stamps in sums varying from 80 cents to $50; while the Post Master at Mobile recently honorably accounted for $2,000 worth. Although the Post Master at Memphis had in his possession such property amounting to $500, he wrote for an additional supply of larger value, but this was refused, his dishonest intention having been detected.

Secretary Chase has just addressed another circular to the Collectors of Customs, referring to the instructions of May 2d, prohibiting the transmission of war provisions or other supplies to parties in insurrection against the United States. They are further instructed to exercise the utmost vigilance in arresting and detaining all merchandise, of whatever character, the ultimate destination of which they have satisfactory reasons for believing is for the insurgents, and against the United States, or places under their control. "If you are satisfied," the circular continues, "either from the nature of the articles or otherwise, that any merchandise, whenever destination is named, is in fact destined for persons or combinations in actual insurrection against the Government of the United States, you will cause the same to be seized and proceeded against for forfeiture. If, however, you are satisfied that any merchandize transmitted for States, or placed under insurrectionary control, is not intended for the actual insurgents, and has been shipped or forwarded without intent to afford aid and comfort to such insurgents, or otherwise to violate the law, you will simply detain such merchandise, and notify the shippers or forwarders of such detention, and state the cause thereof. If such shipper or forwarder, personally or by agent, shall satisfy you that the merchandise so arrested will not be sent to any place under insurrectionary control, but will be either returned whence it came, or be disposed of in good faith for consumption, or disposed in loyal States, you will restore possession of the same, and allow such disposition thereof to be made as the parties interested may decide. You will regard all States in which the authority of the United States is temporarily subverted, as under insurrectionary control, but any portion of such State in which the laws of the Union are acknowledged and respected, will be considered as exempt."

The Government finds itself seriously embarrassed in the management of the present military campaign by the premature publication of sufficient information to disclose its purposes South as well as North. Portions of these plans have thus been made known, and has enabled the rebels to frustrate the full execution of them. This it is no longer disposed to allow to be done, yet it is unwilling to exclude the press from the advantages afforded by the telegraph, and therefore is reluctant absolutely to prohibit the transmission of dispatches for publication. In view of this state of things, it is suggested that editors of the leading journals in Philadelphia, New York, Boston, and other cities, immediately meet at Washington, and come to some satisfactory understanding which will relieve the Government from further embarrassment, and yet afford the press all the facilities it can reasonably desire under the circumstances.

The Virginia Election.

THERE are in Virginia 151 counties, but, owing to the interruption of communication, we have been able to gather the returns from only thirty-seven counties of the vote upon the ordinance of secession. We present below such figures as we have:

	Secession.	Union.
Alexandria	1,019	206
Augusta	3,300	0
Barbour	...	35*
Berkeley	428	1,220
Brooke	169	723
Cabell	...	65*
Clarke	553	3
Doddridge	...	69*
Hampshire	401*	
Hancock	165	1,737
Hardy	800*	...
Harrison	694	1,691
Henrico	1,036	
Jackson	...	400*
Jefferson	813	365
Kanawha	...	1,300*
Lewis	...	350*
Loudon	1,626	726
Marion	...	46*
Marshall	142	1,993
Mason	119	1,844
Monongalia	100	2,300
Morgan	149	807
Ohio	157	3,368
Pleasants	[illegible]	303
Preston	63	2,250
Putnam	...	800*
Richmond	4,300*	...
Ritchie	...	678*
Rockingham	3,010	22
Taylor	...	700*
Tyler	125	880
Upshur	...	400*
Wayne	...	800*
Wetzel	180	790
Wirt	...	300*
Wood	257	1,995
Total	18,953	30,169

*Majority.

At the Presidential election these counties cast more than a third of the state, distributed as follows:

Bell	26,534
Breckinridge	21,305
Douglas	8,528
Lincoln	1,429

The secessionists have made a relative gain over Breckinridge's vote of only 3,470.

FOREIGN NEWS.

GREAT BRITAIN.—The Adriatic brought out news that the British Government would prevent privateers or armed vessels taking prizes into British ports. Lord John Russell, in his letter to the Lords of the Admiralty, directing them to carry out this intention, says it is done to secure the strictest neutrality. Mr. Liddell gave notice that he would ask the Ministers if this interdiction is not for a change of maritime policy.

The London Times editorially replies to the outcry of the Northern States against England, and shows it to be wholly unfounded.

Lord John Russell said in Parliament that the Government had no knowledge of the Canadian volunteer regiment tendering their services to the United States Government, and of course could not say what action should be taken.

Five cases, containing 100 rifles, directed to the Commercial Bank of New York, intended for the Adriatic, were stopped at Galway, the agent of the line refusing to let them pass.

FRANCE.—The Moniteur has published a decree warning public writers to exercise more moderation in their discussions against the Catholic clergy.

It is asserted that the Emperor sent an autograph letter to Turin, in which the Roman question was fully stated, that it was favorably received at Turin, and that Victor Emanuel sent a reply to it on May 27.

ITALY.—The Italian Parliament stands adjourned to the 4th.

Count Cavour died on the 6th inst., at 6 o'clock. The event has produced profound sensation. On the evening previous to his death, his state became so alarming that great emotion was evinced by the people. At Turin, immense crowds surrounded his residence.

It is rumored that Garibaldi intends to visit America in a month or two, if war in Italy appears unlikely.

AUSTRIA.—The Empress is suffering ill health.

In the Hungarian Diet the address to the Emperor was adopted by the Lower House, by three majority, the votes being 155 for and 152 against.

HUNGARY.—The stormy discussion in the Diet was continued at Pesth on Mr. Deak's proposition relative to an address to the Emperor, forty-six members who were favorable to sending, tendered their resignations.

POLAND.—A procession took place at Warsaw on the third, which was not disturbed.

Troops are still encamped in the streets.

TURKEY.—It is said that the international conference have decided to establish in Lebanon a Christian government, the chief of which shall be of the religion of the majority of the inhabitants and directly dependant on the Porte.

COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE—*Breadstuffs*.—Liverpool breadstuff market dull. Small sales at weak prices. Richardson, Spence & Co., Wakefield, Nash & Co., and others, report flour very dull, and quotations almost nominal. Wheat a declining tendency. Corn dull.

The News Condenser.

— Troy, N. Y., is flooded with bogus quarters.

— The public accounts of Canada, for the last year, exhibit a deficit of $2,250,016.

— Forty colored emigrants for Hayti passed through this city from Buffalo, June 12.

— Lieut. Slemmer, who held Fort Pickens for so long a time, has been made a Major.

— The dams on the Potomac, below Harper's Ferry, are being destroyed by the rebels.

— A commissioner has been appointed to take charge of prisoners conveyed to Washington.

— The "O. S. A." sent an ear of green corn to Gen. Scott, from Montgomery, May 24, by mail.

— The Collinsville Company, Conn., are making 12,000 sabre bayonet blades for Sharpes' rifles.

— It is said that ten of the largest steamers in New Orleans are being armed for an attack on Cairo.

— Eight hundred thousand volunteers have offered their services to the country within five weeks.

— A large secession sword factory in Richmond, Va., has been burned by parties opposing secession.

— It is estimated that the Federal forces now hold, as contraband, $700,000 worth of Virginia negroes.

— The Memphis Bulletin reports that there was a case of yellow fever at New Orleans, Wednesday week.

— England exports annually from the United States hard India rubber to the amount in value of $125,000.

— In digging a well, a few days since, at Camp Yates, Springfield, Ill., a vein of good coal was struck.

— A sword is to be presented to Col. Robert Anderson by the Union members of the Kentucky Legislature.

— The rebels don't like the name, Scott Co., Va., so they have changed it to Davis Co. Malice of impotency.

— Ten thousand dollars worth of military goods were seized at the Adams Express office, destined for the South.

— The annual meeting of the State Editorial Association will not be held this year, owing to national troubles.

— There are now no Cadets at West Point from the Confederate States, the last two having resigned last week.

— A noble hearted and wealthy citizen of Boston has recently made a donation of $25,000 to Williams College.

— A lunatic threw himself down before a train of cars on the Niagara Falls road, last week, and was instantly killed.

— Gens. Scott and Lee have given assurance that no troops shall be sent to Mt. Vernon. It is open to visitors, as usual.

— Every man in Virginia, between 16 and 60, has been ordered by the rebel Governor to enter service by Thursday.

— The New Orleans Delta expects the English and French fleets will keep that port open for the trade of those countries.

— Only four of the original thirteen States are in revolt, to wit: Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia.

— Twenty thousand gallons of water are sent from Baltimore, weekly, to Fortress Monroe, for the use of the garrison.

— Gov. Hicks, of Maryland, desires the Government to send a force to Frederick, and his request will be complied with.

— The number of emigrants arrived at New York, for the week ending 12th inst., was 3,876, a total of 37,960 during the year.

— The Connecticut troops have been supplied with 12,000 franked letter envelopes by members of Congress from that State.

— A statement is made that there are 4,000 secessionists in Baltimore, all armed, and waiting for an opportunity to strike.

— The Ohio State canals have been leased for ten years, for an annual rental of $20,075, one company taking the whole.

— Since the port of Hakodadi, in Japan, has been opened to foreign trade, its population has increased from 12,000 to 28,000.

— The theological students at Andover have formed a military company called the Havelock Greys. They number eighty.

— A bill passed the Wisconsin Legislature increasing the pay of married volunteers $3, and of the unmarried, $3 per month.

— The New Orleans Picayune has reduced its size one-half. Not a few of the Southern papers have reduced their size altogether.

— Orders have been given in St. Louis, Missouri, to close all places of public worship where slaves or mulatto people congregate.

— The Knoxville Whig of Tennessee (Parson Brownlow's paper) has been suppressed in Florida, as incendiary and treasonable.

— Tremendous preparations for war are now going on in France, though veiled as much as possible from public observation.

— A person cannot change his surname in England without the Queen's special license, and an expenditure of one hundred pounds.

— The Spanish treasury is said to be overflowing with money. The slave trade at Cuba has probably paid well the past few years.

— From a table which the North American publishes, it appears that Philadelphia has now enlisted 15,394 men, forming 20 regiments.

— Recruits for the Confederate army are becoming scarce, and two dollars is now offered for each one brought to the recruiting officers.

— Seventy peasants have been shot at Kasan, in Russia, for having engaged in an insurrection, occasioned by a religious impostor.

— Stockport, Columbia Co., N. Y., had sixty persons liable to do military duty. Of this number, twenty-six have volunteered for the war!

— The Mass. and R. I. soldiers, in one night, constructed a rope ferry, capable of carrying 700 men over the Potomac every ten minutes.

— Gen. Scott continues in the enjoyment of excellent health, notwithstanding the regular weekly report of his death in Richmond.

— Fifteen war vessels are now stationed in the Gulf of Mexico, twelve on the Atlantic coast, and ten in the Chesapeake and Potomac.

— There are in England 356 ragged day schools, with an attendance of 22,052 scholars; and 192 night schools, with an attendance of 20,909.

— Judge Albert Jackson, of Southern Missouri, has been prevented holding courts in his district, on account of his strong Union sentiments.

— Two regiments have been accepted by the Government from New Mexico. The celebrated hunter and ranger, Kit Carson, is Colonel of one.

— During the gale on the 6th instant, timber, in rafts, to the extent of forty thousand dollars' worth, was lost in the lake, near Toronto, C. W.

— Landlords in Cincinnati are said to be very generally reducing their rents, from one fourth to one-half, in view of the stagnation in business.

— Phillippa is the court house town of Barbour Co., on the east fork of the Monongahela river. It is the very heart of Northwestern Virginia.

— It is said that "the Southern banks have resolved to credit the Jeff. Davis Government $100,000,000." Yes; but who will credit the banks?

— The British ship Sir Allan McNab succeeded in running the blockade at Charleston, last week. She will be nabbed when she attempts to leave.

— The author of Adams's Arithmetic, Mr. Daniel Adams, of Keene, N. H., although in his 89th year, is about to publish a revised edition of his work.

— The Boston Post asks, "Who wants a better 'National Hint' than Gen. Scott?" Hartford Courant answers, "Nobody, Mr. Post. We can get along with that and 'Uncle Psalm!'"

The Publisher to the Public.

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THE Second Half of the Twelfth Volume of RURAL NEW-YORKER commences July 6th. Now, therefore, is the time for renewals, and for new subscriptions, whether club or single. Additions to clubs are also in order, at club rates. Agents and Subscribers—and indeed all who are friendly to the RURAL—are frankly asked to aid in extending our circulation so far as consistent. In return, we promise our best efforts to render the paper as interesting and valuable as possible—to spare no reasonable effort or expenditure to fully maintain, if not augment, its position as *the Best and Cheapest Journal of its Class.*

☞ ***Back Numbers of this Volume Free!*** ☜

To all who subscribe for the RURAL NEW-YORKER from May 1st to end of the Year and Volume—eight months—we will, if desired, send the back numbers (from Jan'y 1st) *Free.* This offer (to be continued for a month, and perhaps until July 1st,) will enable many who were unable to subscribe at the beginning of the year, or later, to secure the entire volume at *less than cost of publication.*

☞ ASSOCIATED EFFORT leads to success in canvassing for periodicals, as well as in other enterprises. For instance, if you are forming (or wish to form) a club for the RURAL NEW-YORKER, and cannot fill it up in your own neighborhood, get some person or persons a few miles distant to join with or assist you—adding their names to those you may procure, and sending all together. Please think of this, and act upon the suggestion if convenient.

☞ WESTERN AND SOUTHERN MONEY.—In the present deranged state of the currency, we are unable to use Western and Southern money, as our bankers will not purchase it at any rate of discount. Agents and Subscribers who cannot obtain New York, New England, Pennsylvania, or Canada Money, will please send us *U. S. Postage Stamps*, as they are far preferable to any uncurrent bank bills.

☞ CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—Subscribers wishing the address of their papers changed from one Post-Office to another, must specify the OLD address as well as the NEW to secure compliance with their requests.

☞ ANY person so disposed can act as local agent for the RURAL NEW-YORKER, and those who volunteer in the good cause will receive gratuities, and their kindness be appreciated.

☞ POSTAGE STAMPS are taken at par on subscription, and greatly preferred to Western or other uncurrent money.

Special Notices.

THE MONROE COUNTY AG. SOCIETY

WILL HOLD THEIR FIFTH ANNUAL

HORSE SHOW,

ON THE FAIR GROUNDS, NEAR ROCHESTER,

Thursday, June 27, 1861.

A LIBERAL list of Premiums, amounting to nearly $700, will be offered in the various classes, and it is expected that this Exhibition will be fully equal to any previous one of like character ever given by the Society.

ORDER OF EXERCISES:

1.—Examination and Exhibition on the track, of Horses in classes 1, 2, 3, 4, from 10 to 11½ o'clock.
2.—Exhibition of Fast Walking Horses at 11½ o'clock.
3.—Ladies' Riding and Driving at 12 o'clock, precisely.
4.—Grand Exhibition of all Premium Animals around the Track.

AFTERNOON.

1.—Grand display of Stallions for style and speed.
2.—Display of Matched Teams for style and speed, to road wagons.
3.—Display of Single Teams for style and speed, to road wagons.
4.—Grand display of Double Teams for style and speed.
5.—Grand Sweepstakes.

☞ Competition open to all loyal States and Canada.

☞ Mr. JOSEPH HALL'S celebrated Mare, CORA D'ESTELLE, and his young Stallion, PATCHEN ECLIPSE, with other celebrated animals, will be upon the Grounds during the day.

For full particulars and list of Premiums, see small bills, which may be obtained at the Rooms, 104 State street.

E. B. HOLMES, President.
J. M. BOOTH, Secretary.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
Rochester, June 18, 1861.

FLOUR—The best brands, from winter wheat, remain at last quotations. Spring wheat flour has advanced 25@30 cents per barrel during the week. There is but little doing.

GRAIN—Wheat has fallen off, the decline being equal to 3@5 cents on Genesee, and fully 4 cents on Canadian. Corn is only worth 40 cents per bushel, a reduction of 5 cents. Oats have lost 2@3 cents. Rye and Barley are without change, although malsters and distillers are out of the market.

WOOL—We cannot make any change in the price of wool hereabouts. But few sales are making, and these are confined to small lots. A number of shearlings are on the market, and bring 8@12 cents each.

PROVISIONS—The blockade of the Mississippi, and the embargo placed upon trade between the Western and Southern States, has affected the trade in Pork and Smoked Meats seriously, and we are beginning to feel the result of this stagnation here.—Hams have declined 50c@$1,00 during the week, and Shoulders fully 50 cents. Fresh Pork is slow of sale at a decline of 50 cts. per 100 pounds.

DAIRY, &c.—Butter is gaining a little in price. Cheese ranges from 9 to 10 cents,—the former figure for new, and the latter for prime old. Eggs are advancing.

HAY—There is but little doing, and a decline of $1,00 per ton is noted.

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES.

FLOUR AND GRAIN		Eggs, dozen	10@10c
Flour, winter wheat,	$6,50@7,00	Honey, box	12@14
Flour, spring do,	6,25@6,75	Candles, box	11@12
Flour, buckwheat,	0,00@2,00	Candles, extra	13@13
Meal, Indian	1,00@1,12	FRUIT AND ROOTS.	
Wheat, Genesee,	1,12@1,25	Apples, bushel	50@75c
Best white Canada	0,00@1,40	Apples, dried, ℔ lb	3@3½
Corn, old	40@40c	Peaches, dried, ℔ lb	12@12
Corn, new	40@40	Cherries, dried	12@12
Rye, 60 lbs. ℔ bush	55@56	Plums, dried	00@0
Oats, by weight,	25@25	Potatoes	25@30
Barley,	50@50	HIDES AND SKINS.	
Buckwheat,	35@40	Slaughter,	3½@4
Beans	$1@1,25	Calf,	6@7
MEATS.		Sheep Pelts,	50@150c
Pork, Mess	$16,50@17,00	Lamb Pelts,	25@31
Pork, clear	20,00@00,00	SEEDS.	
Pork, cwt	5,00@5,50	Clover, bushel	$5,00@5,25
Beef, cwt	4,00@6,00	Timothy,	2,50@3,00
Spring lambs, each,	1,50@2,00	SUNDRIES.	
Mutton, carcass	5@6½c	Wood, hard	$3,00@5,00
Hams, smoked	9@9	Wood, soft	3,00@3,00
Shoulders,	6@6½	Coal, Lehigh	7,00@7,00
Chickens,	9@10	Coal, Scranton	5,75@6,00
Turkeys	10@11	Coal, Pittston	5,75@6,00
Geese,	40@50	Coal, Shamokin	5,75@6,00
Ducks ℔ pair	38@44	Coal, Char	10@12½
DAIRY, &c.		Salt, bbl	1,40@1,45
Butter, roll	10@11	Hay, ton	8,00@12,00
Butter, firkin	9@10	Straw, ton	0,00@0,00
Cheese,	8@10	Wool, ℔ lb	20@30c
Lard, tried	9@9½	Whitefish, half bbl	3,75@4,25
Tallow, rough	6@6	Codfish, ℔ quintal	4,00@4,75
Tallow, tried	7½@8	Trout, half bbl	3,75@4,25

THE PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, June 17.—FLOUR—Market still continues heavy and unsettled, and prices of some grades have again declined 5c, with moderate business doing for export and home consumption. Sales at $4,50@4,65 for superfine State, $4,75@4,85 for extra do, $4,50@4,60 for superfine Western, $4,65@5,00 for common to medium extra do, $5,20@5,40 for shipping brands extra round hooped Ohio, and $5,45@7,00 for trade brands do.—market closing heavy. Canadian flour dull and lower for common, with a moderate business doing. Sales at $4,75@7,00 for common to good extra, and $7,25@7,50 for choice and favorite brands. Rye flour continues steady, with small sales at $3,10@4,00. Cornmeal dull, with sales at $3,00@3,10 for Brandywine and $2,90@3,00 for Jersey.

GRAIN—Wheat market rules quite firm, the supply is quite limited, sales Chicago spring at 90c@1,10, Northwestern club at 95c@1,10, common to fair Milwaukee club at $1,08@1,12; amber Iowa and Wisconsin at $1,17@1,18, winter red Western at $1,29, and white Western at $1,38@1,63. Rye continues quiet and firm with sales at 67c. Barley continues heavy and dull at 55@62c. Barley malt a little more active, with amber at 74c. Peas remain quiet and nominal at 68c for Canadian. Corn market steady, with a limited supply and pretty fair demand for export and home consumption, sales at 37@44c for inferior to good new mixed Western, 50@51c for prime to choice yellow Western, 47@48c for prime round yellow, and 56½@57c for yellow Southern. Oats plenty and lower, with sales at 29@31c, for Jersey; 29@32c for Western and Canadian, and 32@32½c for State.

PROVISIONS—The Pork market quiet and prices drooping. sales at $14,50@15,70 for mess, $10,50@10,75 for prime. Beef remains dull, sales at $4@4,50 for country prime, $5,50@6,00 for country mess, $9@10 for re-packed mess; and $11@12 for extra mess. Prime mess beef continues dull and nominally unchanged at $17@18. Beef hams quiet and lower, sales at $13,74 for State, and $14 for Western. Cut meats dull and prices unchanged, with sales at 5@5½c for Shoulders, and 6@6½c for Hams. Smoked meats are nominal at 9½@11½c for Hams, 7@8c for Shoulders, and 6½c for sides. Bacon dull and prices nominally unchanged. Lard market dull, but prices steady; sales at 9½@9¾c, for No. 1 to choice Western. Butter is selling at 8@13c for Ohio, and 8@15c for State. Cheese steady and quiet, and selling at 2½@7c for inferior to prime.

ASHES—Steady at $5,37½ for Pots, and $5,62½ for Pearls.

HOPS—The market is quiet, but remains firm for good grades. The demand is confined to small lots for consumption, and the sales reach 150@160 bales, mostly at 15@20c, with a few choice, 23c. cash. There is no inquiry for old growths or low qualities of new crop.

ALBANY, June 17.—FLOUR AND MEAL—In Flour there is a fair business doing for the supply of the local trade and the East at unchanged prices.

Common to good State	$4,75@4,90
Fancy and extra State	5,00@5,10
Common to good Western	5,00@5,40
Extra Michigan, Wisconsin, Indiana, &c.	6,25@7,00
Extra Ohio	6,00@7,00
Common Canadian	5,00@5,25
Extra Canadian	6,00@7,20
Fancy Genesee	6,25@6,75
Extra Genesee and city brands	6,25@7,60

Corn meal is steady with sales to a moderate extent at $1,00@1,12½ ℔ 100 lbs.

GRAIN—There is a fair supply of wheat offering, and the market favors the buyers, sales fair white Michigan on p. t., and prime do at $1,55. Corn is not plenty, and Western mixed can be quoted nominally at 43c. Rye in fair request and steady, with sales at 64c. There is some inquiry for barley, and we notice a sale of winter at 66c. Oats without important change.—Sales Chicago in part at 30c, and State at 32c.

FEED—The supply good and the market tame; sales 10 tons 25 lbs at 80c.

BUFFALO, June 17.—FLOUR—Fair local demand, and sales Wisconsin extra at $4@4,25 for large and small lots, Wisconsin double extra at $4,50@4,87½, Indiana and Ohio extra at $5@5,25, double extras, do at $6, and fine at $3,12½.

WHEAT—Large receipts and a shade weaker all round, sales this morning No. 2 Milwaukee club at 80c, No. 1 do at 83c, Chicago No. 2 at 77c, red winter $1,11. CORN—Weaker, and sales good to premium mixed at 32@32½c, and fair mixed at 31c. Sales of the afternoon at 30c, and prime mixed at 32½c. Rye nominal at 49½@50c. Oats lower and sales No. 1 Chicago at 22½c. Barley, last sale at 52@54c. for Canada choice.

PROVISIONS—Unchanged. Mess pork at $16; light mess at $15@15,50, mess beef at $8@9, ham shoulders at 6½@7, plain hams at 9½@10c. and 10@10½c for canvassed smoked beef 9c.

FISH—Sales of white and trout at $2,75@3,00 for halves, with a fair demand from interior.

TORONTO, June 15.—FLOUR—We are at a loss to name a figure at which flour of the ordinary brands could be sold—Without transactions, indeed without anything else but offers to sell, it is impossible to give an idea of the value of different grades. We have, therefore, to refrain from giving quotations, except of the most nominal character, say $4,35@4,50.

Fancy	4,75@5,00
Extra	5,25@5,50
Double Extra	5,75@6,50

GRAIN—For the primest samples white winter wheat there was a brisk demand throughout the week, but it must be borne in mind that the purchases of this grade of grain are almost all on American orders. For the best qualities prices are still steady, while for inferior a considerable decline has taken place. The range in prices is now wider than we ever remember it, extending nearly 30 cts. ℔ bushel. The receipts have continued to increase, and within the past few days have been very large. The rates paid for the common and ordinary samples were from $1,10@1,20 ℔ bushel, while for the better qualities from $1,20@1,26 were the figures most frequently paid. Some very prime lots brought $1,27@1,29, but these were the exceptional cases.—The average for the entire purchases, say 8,000 bushels, was about $1,18 ℔ bushel. Spring wheat has been in only moderate request, with fair receipts. We quote at 93@95c. ℔ bushel.—Barley is still lower, with a diminished supply. The rate now current is only 35c ℔ bushel. Peas are in good shipping demand and are firm at 50c for the best. Oats are more freely offered, and prices have reverted back to 27@28c ℔ bushel, at which the market is unsettled.—*Globe.*

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, June 12.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:

BEEF CATTLE.	
First quality,	$8,50@9,00
Ordinary quality,	7,75@8,25
Common quality,	7,00@7,50
Inferior quality,	6,00@7,00
COWS AND CALVES.	
First quality,	$50,00@60,00
Ordinary quality,	40,00@50,00
Common quality,	30,00@35,00
Inferior quality,	22,00@28,00
VEAL CALVES.	
First quality, ℔ lb	5 @5½c
Ordinary quality,	4½@5 c
Common quality,	4 @4½c
Inferior quality,	3 @3½c
SHEEP AND LAMBS.	
Prime quality,	$4,75@5,00
Ordinary quality,	4,00@4,50
Common quality,	3,25@3,75
Inferior quality,	2,50@3,00
SWINE.	
First quality,	4½@4¾c
Other qualities,	3½@3¾c

ALBANY, June 17.—BEEVES—The receipts continue heavy, there being a small increase over the number yarded last week. While there are but comparatively few strictly extra, and no premium on sale, the quality is very fair. Notwithstanding the large number on sale, the market opened active at last week's prices (in a few instances a slight advance was obtained.) The New Yorkers commenced buying early, and took their full share, while the Eastern men held back, saying that they could not buy at the prices established by their competitors. Towards the close, however, the market growing a little heavy, they gained some concessions, and picked up 600 or 800 head.—Several car loads Kentucky steers were taken by farmers in the counties, to be placed on their grazing lands.

RECEIPTS—The following is our comparative statement of receipts at this market over the Central Railroad, estimating 16 to the car:

	This week.	Last week.	Cor. week last year
Cattle,	4,320	4,275	3,808
Sheep,	4,208	1,830	2,858
Hogs,	64		100

PRICES—We make but little alteration. Nearly all the sales have been made at last week's figures.

	This week.	Last week.
Premium,	0 @ c	0 @ c
Extra	4½@4¾c	4½@4¾c
First quality,	4 @4½c	3¾@4¼c
Second quality,	3½@3¾c	3½@3¾c
Third quality,	2½@3 c	2½@3 c

SHEEP AND LAMBS—There are too many Sheep on the market, and but few Lambs. Market very heavy. We saw one lot extra Western, over 110 lbs, which the owner held at 4c ℔ lb, but there are no buyers at that figure.

HOGS—Receipts at East Albany for the week about 2000.—Stock hogs in demand and selling quick at 4½@5¼c.

CAMBRIDGE, June 12—At market 294 cattle, about 250 beeves and 44 stores, consisting of working oxen, cows, and one, two and three years old.

BEEF CATTLE—Prices, extra, $6,50@6,75; first quality, $6,25@0,00, second quality, $5,75@0,00, third quality, $0,00; ordinary quality, $0,00.

WORKING OXEN—$90, $100@160.

COWS AND CALVES—$30, $40@55.

STORES—Yearlings, $0@0; two years old, $00@00; three years old, $00@00.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—1,350 at market. Prices—in lots $1,50@2,00, extra and selections, $2,75@5,00 each. Spring Lambs from $2,75@4,00 each.

PELTS—25c@$1,00 each.

TALLOW—6@6c ℔ lb.

HIDES—4½@5c. ℔ lb. CALF SKINS—7½@8c ℔ lb.

VEAL CALVES—$3,00@5.

BRIGHTON, June 13.—At market—850 Beef Cattle, 95 stores, 1,800 Sheep and Lambs, and 2,000 Swine.

BEEF CATTLE—Prices, extra, $6,75@0,00; 1st quality, $6,50@0,00; 2d do, $6,00@0,00, 3d do, $5,00@0,00.

WORKING OXEN—$95, $120@131.

MILCH COWS—$48@50, common, $19@20.

VEAL CALVES—$3,00@5,00.

STORES—Yearlings, $0@0, two-years old, $16@17, three years old, $18@19.

HIDES—4½@5c ℔ lb.

CALF SKINS—8@9c ℔ lb.

TALLOW—6@6c.

PELTS—$1@1,25 each.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—$1,25@1,50, extra, $2,00@5,00.

SWINE—Store, wholesale, 6½@7½c, retail, 7@8½c. Fat Hogs, still fed, 00c, corn fed, 0c. Spring Pigs, 12@13c.

TORONTO, June 15.—BEEF—Cattle continue to offer freely, especially of the better grades, which continue pretty steady at $5,50 ℔ 100 lbs. Second class beeves are quiet at $4,50@5.

CALVES sell at all rates from $3,50@6.

SHEEP (clipped) are offering freely at $3,50@4. Lambs, $2@2,25.—*Globe.*

THE WOOL MARKETS.

BOSTON, June 14.—The transactions in fleece and pulled wool have been to a fair extent, and prices are firm for the low grades. Fine wool is very little inquired for. The sales have been 150,000 lbs. low and medium grades at full prices. The transactions in foreign comprise 200 bales Mediterranean and South American, at about previous prices.

Saxony and Merino, fine,	47@55	Western mixed,	20@30
Full blood,	44@47	Smyrna, washed,	15@26
½ and ¾ blood,	36@43	Do. unwashed,	9@17
Common,	30@35	Syrian,	10@25
Pulled, extra,	38@45	Cape,	19@30
Do. Superfine,	31@39	Crimea,	9@17
Do. No. 1,	25@30	Buenos Ayres,	9@45
Do. No. 2,	16@20	Peruvian, washed,	26@30

TORONTO, June 15.—We are glad at last to be able to announce a material improvement in the aspect of the wool market, and much better prices. The presence of the English orders referred to in our last has induced a speculative demand, the result of which is a competition and an advance from 20c.—the rate current last week,—to 24c and even 25c ℔ lb. The supply has increased, and we would urge farmers to get their stocks ready for market and take advantage of the present buoyant feeling, which may probably induce a better rate, but which, at least, should induce free deliveries.—*Globe.*

NEW YORK, June 14.—The market is less active this week, and we hear of nothing important doing. Manufacturers have supplied themselves for the present and are now out of the market. The demand will probably improve again as the stock is worked up, unless the orders for Army goods are not renewed, which will not be the case so long as the war continues. All other wools are quiet and not wanted. The new clip is coming in, and we hear of small contracts made at about 30 cents for fine wool, which is an indication of about the value of the new wool. We do not alter our quotations until the market is more settled in prices. In Foreign we note sales of 70,000 bales washed Smyrna at about 25 cents, 6 mos., and 35 do. Cordova, and 63 do. India, the latter for Boston, on private terms.

American Saxony Fleece, ℔ lb	50@55
American full blood Merino	44@48
American half blood and three-fourths Merino	39@47
American Native and one-fourth Merino	31@34
Extra Pulled	38@40
Superfine, Pulled	30@35
No. 1, Pulled	22@25
Lamb's, Pulled	27@30
California, extra	00@00
California, fine, unwashed	24@33
California, common do	10@15
Peruvian, washed	26@34
Valparaiso, unwashed	12@13
South American Mes., unwashed	16@23
South American Merino, unwashed	23@26
South American common washed	10@13
South American Entre Rios, do	12@18
South American, unwashed	9@10
South American Cordova, washed	20@22
Cape Good Hope unwashed	21@25
East India, washed	12@25
African, unwashed	9@18
African, washed	16@28
Smyrna, unwashed	11@15
Smyrna, washed	22@28
Mexican, unwashed	11@14

Died.

IN York, Washtenaw Co., Mich., of consumption, EBER W. RICHMOND, (son of LORING RICHMOND, deceased, of Bergen, Genesee Co., N. Y.,) in the 28th year of his age.

Advertisements.

ADVERTISING TERMS, in Advance—THIRTY-FIVE CENTS A LINE, each insertion. A price and a half for extra display, or 52½ cents per line of space. SPECIAL NOTICES, (following reading matter, leaded,) Sixty Cents a Line.

☞ Its immense circulation among the Producers and Dealers of the Free States, renders the RURAL NEW-YORKER by far the Best and Cheapest Advertising Medium of its class. This FACT should be borne in mind by all Wholesale Dealers, Manufacturers, &c., who must necessarily depend upon the People of the North for patronage.

If you want a Tile Machine that with 2 men and 2 horses you can make 1000 Tile per hour, address A. M. Mattice, Buffalo, N. Y., or J. W. Penfield, Willoughby, O.

FOR SALE.—A valuable Farm, containing 50 acres of choice land, 10 miles south of Oswego City, and 1 mile from Hannibal. Well watered, an abundance of good Fruit, and all the buildings necessary and in good repair. Address or inquire of I. DUDLEY, Hannibal, N. Y.

FOR SALE AT A BARGAIN.—Four miles south-east of Batavia village, one Devon Bull, kind and gentle, a sure stock getter, and for style and breeding is not surpassed by any bull in the State. Also a few choice Berkshire Pigs. WALTER COLE, Batavia, Genesee Co., N. Y.

NEXT OF KIN WANTED!—Hundreds of Millions Pounds Sterling in Chancery, Bank of England, &c., waiting claimants. A Catalogue of the heirs, and names of those to whom letters should be addressed in England, will be sent post free, on receipt of 60 cts., in stamps, or two for $1. Old claims must be presented at once. References—A. K. Hill, Boston, J. Boreham, Chief of Police, Haverhill. Address W. W. S. ORBETON & CO., Box 250, Post Office, Boston, Mass.

FIRST PREMIUM
AWARDED BY
New York State Agricultural Society,
AT ELMIRA, OCT., 1860,
TO HARDER'S HORSE-POWER.
THE SUBSCRIBERS MANUFACTURE AT COBLESKILL, N. Y.,
ENDLESS CHAIN HORSE-POWERS,
COMBINED THRESHERS AND CLEANERS,
THRESHERS AND SEPARATORS.

These Powers are operated with greater ease to the team than others, running with very low elevation, and slow travel of the horses. The Combined Thresher and Cleaner runs very easy, is capacious, separates the grain cleanly from the straw, and cleans as well as a regular fanning mill. In short, *these machines have no equal*, of which fact we believe we can satisfy all who will consult their own interest by addressing 597-4teo] R. & M. HARDER, Cobleskill, Schoharie Co., N. Y.

ITALIAN BEES.—Having imported per steamer New York, a lot of genuine ITALIAN BEES, (which arrived in a remarkably good state,) I shall be able to furnish amateurs with pure genuine ITALIAN QUEENS within a short time. For price and other information, apply to C. WM. ROSE, 63 Exchange Place, New York. N. B.—This being the last and only importion this season, the public can rely on getting a perfectly pure breed. Agents wanted. 596-4t

FOR SALE.—A farm of 107 acres, located about one mile north of the village of Batavia, in the county of Genesee. It is under a good state of cultivation, well fenced, with first rate house and barns, and well watered. All the farming tools will be sold with the farm. $3,500 of the purchase money will be required down, the balance to remain on time. It is a very desirable location for a residence. A good title will be given. It is a forced sale and must be sold cheap. For particulars inquire of KIMBERLY & TYRRELL, or of the subscriber, at Batavia, N. Y. DAVID McCULLEY. Batavia, June 10, 1861. 596-3t

A LADY of the Episcopal Church wishes to engage as Lady's Companion, or as Governess to young children in a pious family. Would prefer the country. Satisfactory references can be given. Address box 221, Woodstock, Canada West. 595-3t

NEW YORK COMBINED SELF-RAKING
Reaper and Mower,
Manufactured under the joint Patents of Seymour & Morgan and Palmer & Williams, by
SEYMOUR, MORGAN & ALLEN,
Brockport, N. Y.

FARMERS of New York, look to your interests, and buy the NEW YORK SELF-RAKING REAPER for the harvest of 1861.

THE CHAMPION REAPER OF THE WORLD.

The principle upon which our Self-Raker works, is simple, sure and perfect, being as certain to perform its work as the sickle is to cut the grain. By successful operation in the harvest field, in competition with hand raking reapers, it has shown the ability and superiority of its claims. Disarming prejudice of its power, it has been gradually and surely working itself into public favor. The quality of its work has never been questioned.

Simplicity of construction, lightness of draught, and facility for changing from Reaper to Mower, and from Mower to Reaper, are the main points of superiority claimed by the manufacturers of hand-raking machines. Upon these points—their favorite ground—we meet them, and say that we can, with our machines, do more work, of better quality, with greater ease, and less power than can be done by any hand raking Reaper in market, and we are willing to make our assertion good by competition in the harvest field any where and every where.

ADVANTAGES OF A
SELF-RAKING OVER A HAND-RAKING REAPER.

IT saves the labor of one man his wages, board, and the drawing of him over the field, day after day, merely to do with great exertions, what the Self-Raker can do in a better manner.

Superior Points Claimed for this Reaper.

1. SIMPLICITY OF CONSTRUCTION—In this respect it cannot be equalled.
2. DURABILITY—It is very strong, and not liable to get out of order.
3. EASE OF DRAFT—The main wheel is about three feet in diameter, which enables it to pass freely over obstructions, and through dead furrows. The face or tread of this wheel is half a foot wide, which prevents its cutting into the ground. The grain side-wheel is also very large in diameter.
4. ADJUSTABILITY—The cut can be raised or lowered by the driver, from his seat, while the team is in motion, and the machine in operation. The reel is raised or lowered in half a minute. It is changed from a Reaper to a Mower in *three minutes*, and from a Mower to a Reaper in the same time.
5. EFFICIENCY—It cuts a swath five feet wide, perfectly clean, in heavy or light, lodged or tangled grain, whether driven slow or fast, laying it off in handsome gavels, out of the way of the team in re-passing.
6. FREEDOM FROM SIDE DRAFT—It can be drawn, turned round, or backed, as easily as a cart.
7. IT IS PERFECTLY BALANCED—So that it does not chafe the horses' necks.
8. THE OVERHUNG REEL enables this Machine to cut, take up and rake off lodged and tangled grain, better than any other Reaper.
9. POSITION OF THE DRIVER—The driver's seat is over the main wheel, and no part of his weight is added to the side-draft. He is much more elevated than on other Reapers, and can overlook his work and team.
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[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

WAR! WAR!

BY J. W. BARKER.

WAR is mighty! War is fearful!
Fiendish is the cannon's roar,
And the very heavens seem tearful
When the reign of peace is o'er;
Passion all her fury lendeth
To the vigor of the storm,
Wrath and hate their spirit blendeth
When the contest waxeth warm.

How the flowers of beauty wither
'Neath the war cloud's burning strife,
Deep and scorching are its foot-prints
'Mid the scenery of life.
Homes are joyless, homes are dreary,
Where its spectral shadows stray,
By the hearthstone, sad and weary,
Spirits sob their lives away.

War is mighty when it rages
In its fury o'er the land,
Mighty when the host engages
Sword to sword and hand to hand;
Still unseen a sterner spirit
Rises o'er the bloody strife,
Breathing words of power and merit,
Giving energy and life.

Truth is mighty in the battle,
Armed with majesty divine,
Braves the cannon's awful rattle,
Scorns the heedless rush of time.
Mighty in its lofty stepping
O'er the arrant foes of right,
Mighty in its hope of conquest,
Mighty in its own great might.

War is fearful as the tempest,
Darker than the Simoon's breath,
Marching with its serried columns
To the leaden tramp of death;
But a spirit, darker, fouler,
Lingers 'mid the scenes of life,
Base, ignoble, full *dishonor*—
Darker than the fiercest strife.

Struggling up to noble manhood,
Let the leaden torrent pour,
In the toil for right and freedom,
Never falter, ne'er give o'er,
Till our noble flag of conquest
Spreads its folds from sea to sea,
Till the distant mountain's summit
Catch the peal of victory.

Buffalo, N. Y., 1861.

The Story-Teller.

MY WHISTLING NEIGHBOR.

WE had moved into a new house, situated about the center in a row of ten, all run up together in hurried, mushroom fashion, and divided from each other by partitions of brick so thin that sound was only a little deadened in passing through. For the first three or four nights I was unable to sleep, except in snatches, for so many noises came to my ears, originating, apparently, in my own domicile, that anxiety in regard to burglars was constantly excited. Both on the first and second nights I made a journey through the house in the small hours, but found no intruders on my premises. The sounds that disturbed me came from some of my neighbors, who kept later vigils than suited my habits.

"There it is again!" said I, looking up from my paper, as I sat reading on the second day after taking possession of my new home. "That fellow is a nuisance."

"What fellow?" asked my wife, whose countenance showed surprise at the remark. She was either unconscious or unaffected by the circumstance that annoyed my sensitive ears.

"Don't you hear it?" said I.

"Hear what?"

"That everlasting whistle."

"Oh!" A smile played over my wife's face. "Does it annoy you?"

"I can't say that I am particularly annoyed by it yet; but I shall be if it's to go on incessantly. A man whistles for want of thought, and this very fact will—"

"I'm not so sure of that," remarked my wife, interrupting me, "the poet notwithstanding. I would say that he whistles from exuberant feelings. Our neighbor has a sunny temper, no doubt; what, I am afraid, cannot be said of our neighbor on the other side. I've never heard him whistle; but his scolding abilities are good; and, judging from two days' observation, he is not likely to permit them to grow feeble for want of use."

I did not answer, but went on with my reading, silenced, if not reconciled to my whistling neighbor.

Business matters annoyed me through the day, and I felt moody and depressed as I took my course homeward at nightfall. I was not leaving my cares behind me. Before shutting my account books, and locking my fire-proof, I had made up a bundle of troubles to carry away with me, and my shoulders stooped beneath the burden.

I did not bring sunlight into my dwelling as I crossed, with dull, deliberate steps, its threshold. The flying feet that sprang along the hall, and the eager voices that filled, suddenly, the air in a sweet tumult of sound as I entered, were quiet and hushed in a little while. I did not repel my precious ones, for they were very dear to my heart; but birds do not sing joyously except in the sunshine, and my presence had cast a shadow. The songs of my home birds died into fitful chirpings—they sat quiet among the branches. I saw this, and understood the reason. I condemned myself; I reasoned against the folly of bringing worldly cares into the home sanctuary; I endeavored to rise out of my gloomy state. But neither philosophy nor a self-compelling effort was of any avail.

I was sitting, with my hand partly shading my face from the light, still in conflict with myself, when I became conscious of a lifting of the shadows that were around me, and of a freer respiration. The change was slight, but still very perceptible. I was beginning to question as to its cause, when my thought recognized an agency which had been operative through the sense of hearing, though not before externally perceived in consequence of my abstracted state. My neighbor was whistling "Begone, Dull Care!"

Now, in my younger days, I had whistled and sung the air and words of this cheerful old song hundreds of times, and every line was familiar to memory. I listened, with pleased interest, for a little while, and then, as my changing state gave power to resolutions quick born of better reason, I said, in my thought, emphatically, as if remanding an evil spirit, "Begone, dull care!" and the fiend left me.

Then I spoke cheerfully, and in a tone of interest to quiet little May, who had walked round me three or four times, wondering in her little heart, no doubt, what held her at a distance from her papa, and who was now seated by her mother, leaning her flaxen head, floted all over with glossy curls, against her knee. She sprang, at my voice, and was in my lap at a bound. What thrill of pleasure the tight clasp of her arms sent to my heart! Oh love, thou art full of blessing!

From that moment I felt kinder toward my neighbor. He had done me good—had played before me as David played before Saul, exorcising the evil spirit of discontent. There was no longer a repellent sphere, and soon all my little ones were close around me, and happy as in other times with their father.

After they were all in bed, and I sat alone with my wife, the cares that "infest the day" made a new assault upon me, and vigorously strove to regain their lost empire in my mind. I felt their approaches, and the gradual receding of cheerful thoughts with every advancing step they made. In my struggle to maintain that tranquillity which so strengthens the soul for work and duty, I arose and walked the floor. My wife looked up to me with inquiry on her face. Then she let her eyes fall upon her needlework, and as I glanced toward her at every turn in my walk, I saw an expression of tender concern on her lips. She understood that I was not at ease in my mind, and the knowledge troubled her.

"How wrong in me," I said, in self-rebuke, "thus to let idle brooding over mere outside things, which such brooding can in no way effect, trouble the peace of home;" and I made a new effort to rise again into a sunnier region. But the fiend had me in his clutches again, and I could not release myself. Now it was that my David came anew to my relief. Suddenly his clear notes rang out in the air, "Away with Melancholy."

I cannot tell which worked the instant revulsion of feeling that came—the cheerful air, the words of the song which were called to remembrance by the air, or the associations of by-gone years that were revived. But the spell was potent and complete. I was myself again.

During the evening the voice of my wife broke out several times into snatches of song—a thing quite unusual of late, for life's sober realities had taken the music from her as well as from her husband. We were growing graver every day. It was pleasant to hear her flute-tones again, very pleasant, and my ear harkened lovingly. The cause of this fitful warbling I recognized each time as the notes died away. They were responsive to our neighbor.

I did not then remark upon the circumstance. One reason of this lay in the fact that I had spoken lightly of our neighbor's whistling propensity, which struck me in the beginning as vulgar; and I did not care to acknowledge myself so largely his debtor as I really was.

We were in our bedroom, and about retiring for the night, when loud voices, as if in strife, came discordantly through the thin party walls, from our neighbors on the other side. Something had gone wrong there, and angry passions were in the ascendent.

"How very disagreeable!" I remarked.

"The man's a brute!" said my wife, emphatically. "He does nothing, it seems to me, but wrangle in his family. Pity that he hadn't something of the pleasant temper of our neighbor on the other side."

"That is a more agreeable sound, I must confess," was my answer, as the noise of "What Fairy like Music steals over the Sea," rose sweetly on the air.

"Far more agreeable," returned my wife.

"He plays well on his instrument," I said, smiling. My ear was following the notes in pleased recognition. We stood listening until our neighbor passed to another air, set to Mrs. Hemans's beautiful words, "Come to the Sunset Tree." To a slow, soft, tender measure the notes fell, yet still we heard them with singular distinctness through the intervening wall, just a little muffled, but sweeter for the obstruction.

"The day is past and gone,
The woodman's axe lies free,
And the reaper's work is done."

My wife recalled these lines from her memory, repeating them in a subdued, tranquilizing tone. The air was still sounding in our ears, but we no longer recognized its impression on the external senses. It had done its work of recalling the beautiful Evening Hymn of the Switzer, and we repeated to each other verse after verse.

"Sweet is the hour of rest,
Pleasant the wood's low sigh,
And the gleaming of the west,
And the turf whereon we lie.
When the burden and the heat
Of labor's task are o'er,
And kindly voices greet
The tired one at the door."

To which I added:

"But rest, more sweet and still
Than ever nightfall gave,
Our longing hearts shall fill
In the world beyond the grave.
There shall no tempest blow,
No scorching noontide heat;
There shall be no more snow,
No weary, wandering feet;
And we lift our trusting eyes
From the hills our fathers trod,
To the quiet of the skies—
To the Sabbath of our God."

All was now still on both sides. The harsh discord of our scolding neighbor had ceased, and our whistling neighbor had warbled his good-night melody, which, like a pleasant flower growing near an unsightly object, and interposing a veil of beauty, had removed it from our consciousness.

It was a long time since I had felt so peaceful on retiring as when my head went down upon its pillow, thanks to my light-hearted neighbor, at whose whistling propensities I was inclined in the beginning to be annoyed. But for him I should have gone to rest with the harsh discord of my scolding neighbor's voice in my ears, and been ill at ease with myself and the world. On what seeming trifles hang our states of mind! A word, a look, a tone of music, a discordant jar, will bring light or shadow, smiles or tears.

On the next morning, while dressing myself, thought reached forward over the day's anxieties, and care began drawing her sombre curtains around me. My neighbor was stirring also, and, like the awaking bird, tuneful in sweet matins. "Day on the Mountains" rang out cheerily, followed by "Dear Summer Morn," winding off with "Begone, Dull Care!" and the merry laughter of a happy child which had sprung into his arms, and was being smothered with kisses.

The cloud that was gathering on my brow passed away, and I met my wife and children at the breakfast table with pleasant smiles.

In a few days I ceased to notice the whistling of my neighbor. It continued as usual, but had grown to be such a thing of course as not to be an object of thought. But the effect remained, showing itself in a gradual restoration of that cheerfulness which care, and work, and brooding anxiety about worldly things, are so apt to produce. The "voice of music," which had been almost dumb in my wife for a long period, was gradually restored. Old familiar ditties would break suddenly from her throat as she sat sewing, and I would often hear her singing again, from room to room, as in the sunnier days of our spring-time. As for myself, scarcely an evening passed in which I was not betrayed into beating time with my foot to "Auld Lang Syne," "Happy Land," "Comin' through the Rye," or "Hail Columbia," in response to my neighbor's cheery whistle. Our children also caught the infection, and would commence singing on the instant our neighbor tuned his pipes. Verily he was our benefactor—the harping David to our Saul!

"You live at No. 510, I think," said a gentleman whose face was familiar, though I was not able to call his name. We were sitting side by side in the cars.

I answered in the affirmative.

"So I thought," he replied. "I live at 514—second door east."

"Mr. Gordon."

"Yes, sir; that is my name. Pleasant houses, but mere shells," said he. Then, with a look of disgust on his face, "Doesn't that whistling fellow between us annoy you terribly? I've got so out of all patience that I shall either move or silence him. Whistle, whistle, whistle, from morning till night. Pah! I always detested whistling. It's a sign of no brains. I've written him a note twice, but failed to send either time; it isn't well to quarrel with a neighbor if you can help it."

"It doesn't annoy me at all," I answered. "Indeed, I rather like it."

"You do? Well, that is singular! Just what my wife says."

"First rate for the blue devils, I find. I'm indebted to our whistling friend for sundry favors in this direction."

My new acquaintance looked at me curiously.

"You're not in earnest," said he, a half-amused smile breaking through the unamiable expression which his face had assumed.

"Altogether in earnest; and I beg of you not to send him that note. So your wife is not annoyed?"

"Not she."

"Is she musical?" I inquired.

"She was; but of late years life has been rather a serious matter with us, and her singing birds have died, or lost the heart for music."

"The history of many other lives," said I.

The man sighed faintly.

"Has there been any recent change?" I ventured to inquire.

"In what respect?" he asked.

"Has there been no voice from the singing birds?"

A new expression came suddenly into the man's face.

"Why, yes," he answered, "now that I think of it. There has been some low, fitful warblings. Only last evening the voice of my wife stole out, as if half afraid, and trembled a little while on the words of an old song."

"The air of which our neighbor was whistling at the time," said I.

"Right, as I live!" was my companion's exclamation, after a pause, slapping his hand on his knee. I could hardly help smiling at the look of wonder, amusement, and conviction, that blended on his face.

"I wouldn't send that note," said I, meaningly.

"No, hang me, if I do! I must study this case. I'm something of a philosopher, you must know. If our neighbor can awaken the singing birds in the heart of my wife, he may whistle till the crack of doom without hinderance from me. I'm obliged to you for the suggestion."

A week afterward I met him again.

"What about the singing birds?" I asked, smiling.

"All alive again, thank God!" He answered with a heartiness of manner that caused me to look narrowly into his face. It wore a better expression than when I observed it last.

"Then you didn't send that note?"

"No, sir. Why, since I saw you I've actually taken to whistling and humming old tunes again, and you can't tell how much better it makes me feel. And the children are becoming as merry and musical as crickets. Our friend's whistle sets them all agoing, like the first signal-warble of a bird at daydawn that awakens the woods to melody."

We were on our way homeward, and parted at my own door. As I entered, "Home, Sweet Home" was pulsing in tender harmonies on the air. I stood still and listened until tears fell over my cheeks. The singing birds were alive again in the heart of my wife also, and I said, "Thank God!" as warmly as my neighbor had uttered the words a little while before.

The Young Ruralist.

THE UNITED STATES FLAG.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Can you tell the little folks why Red, White, and Blue were selected as the National Colors. My little boy wonders why? E.

WASHINGTON unfurled the first American, or, as it was called, Union Flag, in January, 1776, when the British were in possession of Boston, and the Americans encamped at Cambridge. It was composed of thirteen stripes, alternate red and white, symbolizing the thirteen revolted Colonies. In one corner, where we now have the Stars, was the device of the British Union Flag, composed of two crosses, red and white, on a blue ground. One was a common cross, a horizontal and perpendicular bar, and the cross of St. ANDREW, representing Scotland, which is in the form of an X. The colors, it will be seen, were the same as in the British flags. Congress, in 1777, changed the flag, by substituting thirteen Stars for the British Union, by the passage of the following resolution:

Resolved, That the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation.

This flag continued in use under the Constitution, until the 4th day of July, 1818, having passed with unsullied honor through the war with Great Britain, from June, 1812, to its close, by the ratification of the treaty of Ghent, in February, 1815.

In the year 1818, the number of States in the Union amounted to twenty, and on the 4th of April, the Congress of the United States passed a law in the following words:

Be it enacted, &c.,

SEC. 1, That from and after the fourth day of July next the flag of the United States be thirteen *horizontal* stripes, alternate red and white; that the union be twenty stars, white on a blue field.

§ 2, That on the admission of every new State into the Union, one star be added to the union of the flag, and that such addition shall take effect on the fourth day of July next succeeding such admission.

So stands the law at this day, and is unalterable but by law.

On the 4th of July, when the Congress of the United States next assembles, the State of Kansas will, according to law, appear as a new Star in the Flag of our Union.

The colors selected for the American Flag, it will be seen, were similar to those in the English,—*white* the emblem of purity, *blue* of fidelity, and *red* of courage.

◆

LETTER TO FARMER BOYS.—No. VII.

DEAR BROTHERS:—One theme wholly engrosses us now. The sun shines as brightly as ever, the birds carol as cheerfully, but we see only the huge, dark cloud that darkens our Country's sky. We hear only the boom of cannon and the groans of the dying. Our Country! Oh how sweet the name! We have said it a thousand times with joy and pride, but we never said it before, and appreciated all it embraces.

We have known for years that a storm was gathering, that an "Irrepressible Conflict" was approaching, but we did not think 'twould burst upon our heads. We looked upon it as a thing afar off, but we see it now near unto us, aye, at our very hearthstones. A mandate has gone forth, and the call is only for our elder, our best, and noblest brothers. Nearly a score of the best students here, left to us, a morning ago, a farewell kiss, a last clasp of the hand, and carried away with them many a heart felt "GOD bless you," to stand up for their GOD, their Country, and Right. They are earnest Christians, earnest students, and above all, earnest *men*. A remark made in the parting address of one of their number, contained a world of patriotism. Pointing to the stars and stripes that float from the cupola of the University, he said "it never had trailed in the dust, and with the help of GOD, it *never should!*" and their brave hearts all uttered the same.

As the carriages rolled away with their freight of human gems, that will glitter in the crown of our redeemed country, three cheers were given for the "Praying Batallion," and they were gone. We found ourselves almost unknowingly repeating the truthful lines of MRS. BROWNING:

"Heroic males the country bears,
But daughters give up more than sons.
Flags wave, drums beat, and unawares
You flash your souls out with your guns
And take your Heaven at once!

"But we—we empty heart and home
Of life's life, love! we bear to think
You're gone, to feel you may not come,
To hear the door latch stir and clink,
Yet no more you—nor such."

But your *mothers*, brothers!—ah! what a trial for them! She gives you a Bible—you kiss her lips, clasp her hands, and you are gone! Patriotism swells high within your breasts, you can mingle in the din of the battle field, but she can only *pray*. mine feels not this sorrow. Years ago the angels came for her, and the casket we laid away near to the banks of the Cayuga, where the waves murmur a low, sad refrain.

Your Country is calling you,—some to the battle-field, some to the plow,—some to defend the right, some to provide the wherewith to support the defenders. You are well qualified for either,—your farm life has given you "able bodies, strong arms," great hearts, great courage, rich blood, which may bedew our Country's soil; but if it needs be, walk bravely and calmly up to the sacrifice. None ever fought for a more glorious cause than that for which your Country calls you. None ever did more gloriously than on a battle field. Swords and bullets may disfigure you—you may return to us with perchance eyes and limbs gone, but you'll be all the dearer for it. 'Tis the *manhood* in you, that we love—the gem is dearer than the casket. But where ever you are, be *men*. It is not alone in the battle field where patriotism is displayed, or that courage shines forth. You may not be needed to battle in years; at least months, many of you; but Our Country needs *men*. Be making men of yourselves, for you know not how soon you may be needed. But if you are called, know that kindred spirits are there with you—that earnest prayers are offered for you. We sisters can give you up better than older hearts—the light of our lives may be extinguished with you—but bravely, womanly, we can bid you "God speed;" and if we cannot stand by you, and with our arms and hearts made strong with the great love for you, battle for that which is *life*, aye, dearer than life. We can bind up your wounds and wipe the death damps from your brows. This is a great experience for us all, brothers. It will make us, oh how rich! what strong hearts 'twill give us. It may pencil lines of care upon our brows—may thread our locks with silver—may sadden our smiles, but oh! what a great, deep fount of disinterestedness, of spiritual self-sacrificing love, of devotion, of all that is grand in humanity, will abide in us. We have enjoyed the sunny days of peace,—we are now to have the grand, thundering tempest of war. The sunlight, the bright days, were pleasant—merely now and then ruffling the surface of our natures. But the storm stirs up the *deep* of our *souls*. *We* are to show ourselves as *women*, or as fragile flowers blown about by the blast. *You* are to show yourselves *men*, or cowardly slaves. I don't fear to trust you, brothers, for I know you can but be strong and brave; and with the Bible as your shield, and the Captain of Hosts your leader, you march to victory. MINNIE MINTWOOD.

Alfred University, Allegany Co., N. Y., 1861.

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GLASS EYES FOR BIRDS, &c.—The gentleman who furnished the articles published on Preserving Birds, sends us the following note in answer to an inquiry given a few weeks since:

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—It is difficult to procure glass eyes, and they are also expensive. I have paid 50 cents here for a pair of inferior eyes for an owl. Making them is the business of the glass-worker, and requires an expensive apparatus. I am making arrangements to keep on hand an assortment of eyes, and I hope to be able to supply all who, like myself, have been unable to obtain good eyes, before long. When ready, I will notify readers of the RURAL. Snakes, worms, fish, &c., can be preserved in alcohol. Wash them perfectly free from slime. The head is sometimes suspended by a string attached to the cork. W. V.

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WORK vs. POTENTIAL ABILITY.—One great secret of the practical failure in after life of so many promising young persons is, I apprehend, that they did not learn that a man's capacity and success in the world is estimated, not by what he can do, but by what he does do. The opposite heresy is, I am sorry to believe, early imbibed in most of our seminaries of learning. How the youth of genius, real or supposed, is worshiped by his associates, and too often by society also, while the more diligent plodder is left in neglect to "work out his own salvation," as be almost infallibly does!

Corner for the Young.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 21 letters.
My 17, 7, 9, 9, 6, 17, 16, 3, 0, 11, 20 are very often seen in music.
My 4, 1, 0, 10 is a nickname for a female
My 10, 16, 13, 7, 16 is a water fowl.
My 9, 2, 3, 8, 16 is a shrub.
My 6, 14, 18, 11 is an instrument formed of steel
My 21, 5, 18, 12 is a servant.
My whole is an institution in Rochester
Ontario, N. Y., 1861. E. A. HINMAN.
☞ Answer in two weeks.

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For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

A FARMER purchased three cows, their prices increasing in arithmetical progression. If we multiply the number of dollars that he paid for the first by the number he gave for the last, and subtract their product from the square of the mean, the remainder will equal twice the price of the last, and the difference between the extremes is equal to half the mean. What was the cost of each cow?

Tuscarora, Steuben Co., N. Y., 1861. G. H. HALLIS.
☞ Answer in two weeks.

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For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

A PUZZLE.

Twice eight are ten, yet ten but three;
Three is five—how can that be?
Twelve is six—I tell you more,
Three times six are nine, yet nine but four.

Cold Brook, Her. Co., N. Y., 1861. JOHN DENSON.
☞ Answer in two weeks.

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A CURIOUS EXPERIMENT.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Scientific American* writes:—"Take a round piece of pasteboard (or any other shape,) and insert it in a quill open at both ends, as in the drawing, lay this on another piece of pasteboard of the same shape, in which is stuck a pin, so that the pin will enter the quill. Blow through the quill as hard as you may, but the lower piece cannot be blown off," and then asks for the philosophical explanation.

A common spool, such as is used for sewing cotton, forms a suitable apparatus for trying this wonderful experiment. Take a bit of smooth writing paper a little larger than the head of the spool, and run a pin through the paper and into the bore of the spool. Now, by blowing down, as represented in the cut, it will be found impossible to blow the paper off. By observing closely, it will be seen that the paper does not quite touch the head of the spool. It is, of course, necessary to hold the paper up with the hand until you begin to blow.

The explanation, remarks the editor addressed, is this:—When the currents of air are established radiating from the central tube horizontally between the disk and the paper, the greater area of the disk, as compared with that of the tube, causes the air above the paper to be rarified, when the pressure of the air below, not being fully counter-balanced, holds the paper up. The pin acts as an anchor to prevent the paper from being blown away horizontally.

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ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 595.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma.—Abraham Lincoln.
Answer to Geographical Enigma:—Pray without ceasing.
Answer to Mechanical Problem.—17,250 pounds.

BOOKS FOR RURALISTS.

THE following works on Agriculture, Horticulture, &c., may be obtained at the Office of the RURAL NEW-YORKER. We can also furnish other books on Rural Affairs, issued by American publishers, at the usual retail prices,—and shall add new works as published. ☞ RURAL Agents entitled to premiums, and who are offered a choice of books, can select from this list.

American Farmer's Encyclopedia	$4 00
Allen's Am. Farm Book	1 00
Allen's Diseases of Domestic Animals	75
Allen's Rural Architecture	1 25
Allen on the Grape	1 00
Am. Architect, or Plans for Country Dwellings	6 00
American Florist's Guide	75
Barry's Fruit Garden	1 25
Blake's Farmer at Home	1 25
Boussingault's Rural Economy	1 25
Bright on Grape Culture	50
Browne's Bird Fancier	50
Browne's Poultry Yard	1 00
Do Field Book of Manures	1 25
Bridgeman's Gard. Ass't	1 50
Do. Florist's Guide	60
Do Kitchen Gardener's Instructor	60
Do Fruit Cult. Manual	60
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Chemical Field Lectures	1 00
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